

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

*The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow*

Number 584

Week Ending  
MAY 31, 1930

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Postage Anywhere  
One Halfpenny

Every Thursday 2d.

## ONE BRAVE MAN—TWO WONDERFUL GIRLS

### HATS OFF TO THE ENGLISH GIRL

WHAT WILL THE BOYS  
DO NOW?

**Amy Johnson & Diana Fishwick  
Keep Up Our High Tradition  
GREAT IN WORK AND PLAY**

Well, well, Girls will be Boys! Grown-ups have been saying it for years. Perhaps they will soon begin to hope that boys will be girls!

One girl, a Yorkshire girl of 22, flying over the world singlehanded in a second-hand aeroplane, eclipses the records of the bravest airmen who have made India a halfway house for Australia and does wonders beyond India in the teeth of great adversity.

Another, a Kent girl of 19, in a nerve-racking golf contest for the blue ribbon of the sport, stands finally in the breach when all her countrywomen have fallen, defies the skill of the brilliant woman champion of America, and by a great and well deserved win retains the laurels for England.

#### Imagination and Foresight

Miss Amy Johnson, the hero of the lonely flight across the world by way of the East, has all the gifts which the ancient gods were supposed to bestow on rarely favoured children. She has scholarship, for she won her B.A. at Sheffield University with flying colours. She has industry and application, for it is said that she used a facile pen in a lawyer's office in London.

She has imagination and foresight, for she prepared herself for her great venture as systematically as for her degree. She went every morning for months and months to an aerodrome for a three-hours course before beginning her day's work in the City. At the close of each day's work at the office she returned to the aerodrome to renew her lessons until dark.

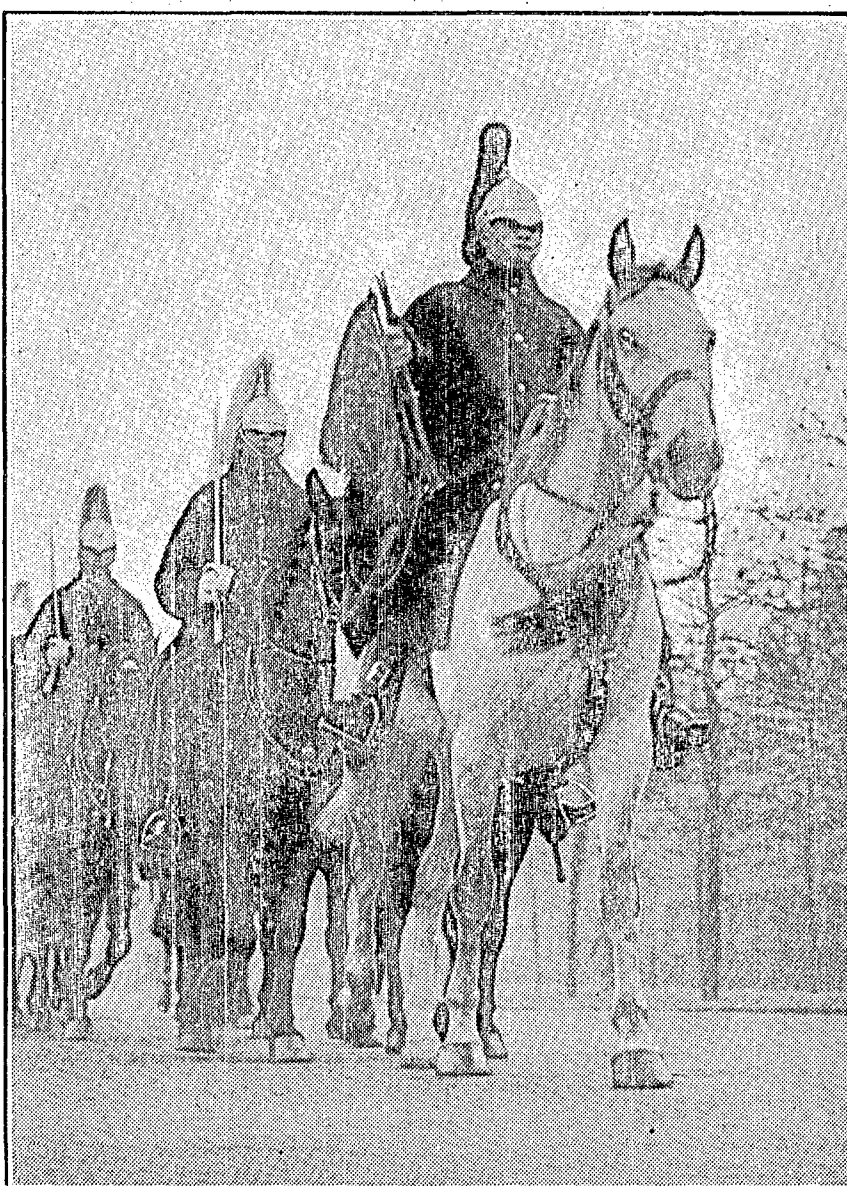
#### Painstaking Study

She not only learned to fly; she learned every part of the engine as thoroughly as the mechanic whose whole energies are given to building and maintaining engines for aeroplanes. Never did a woman take the air more completely equipped with knowledge of her craft.

Still, the fact remains that when she set out to fly across the world her longest flight alone had been less than 250 miles.

She had never been out of England, yet she steered her way across Europe to Asia and beyond, over the heaving seas that wash the shores of Malaysia, over mountains masked by fog, through all the deadly mists and seasonal storms which make the Tropics terrible, with maps misleading her, with goals lost in cloud and rain, with death-traps in the form of hidden ditches when she skilfully brought her machine to earth in unknown

### The Horsemen of Whitehall



Nearly all visitors to London make a point of seeing the Changing of the Guard at Whitehall or of watching the sentries on duty. This picture of some of the soldiers riding away from the Horse Guards Parade emphasises the fine stature of both men and horses.

territory. No wonder all Australia grew excited as this intrepid girl flew nearer and nearer to that vast continent.

She was destined not to beat the famous record of Hinkler, but she did famously well. Other women will some day outdo the feats of Amy Johnson, but her achievement as a brilliant pioneer of her sex will hardly be equalled. She holds the record as the first woman to do such wonders.

In the less breathless sphere of golf young Diana Fishwick has excelled the achievements of all her kind. While the men of golfing America were overwhelming the men golfers of England this wonderful girl, appearing for the first time in the senior championship (she had twice been Girl Champion), played marvellously in the Final against the most famous of women golfers, the redoubtable Miss Glenna Collett, four times champion of America and a player who had been a regular competitor in the British Championship.

There were 15 American competitors, but all except Miss Collett had been beaten and all the English save Miss Fishwick had been dismissed from the contest. So nineteen had to play twenty-eight, and the match seemed a gift for America.

Our young Diana was undismayed; she felt that she could win, and she played throughout the game with the cool courage of genius.

At first it was feared that she would lose her head as she began to draw ahead of her rival, but she maintained her splendid form, made magnificent putts on the green to negative beautiful strokes by her opponent, and finally won one of the most sensational victories ever known in classical golf.

Truly we do well to be proud of our girls. They are setting a standard which our boys will have to copy if they are to win something of the supremacy they have been steadily letting slip. Let us raise our hats to the Ladies!

### THE GOOD DEED OF XV 1563

TWO MOTORISTS PASS BY

The Reckless Drivers and the  
Evil That They Do

ADVENTURE OF A TAIL-WAGGER

One of the most amazing things in modern life is the way some motorists bring wounds and death to man and beast and then dash away in cowardly selfishness or panic.

Here is an example as described by one of the sufferers. A large lorry was passing down a road in which were several pedestrians and no side-walk. In each direction a motor-cyclist approached the lorry. One of them passed it on the wrong side, struck the other cyclist who was on the right side, and forced him into one of the pedestrians, who was flung into the hedge. The guilty motorist did not stop, but went on at top speed.

#### What an Eye-witness Saw

How can such things happen? There is no question that they *do* happen. Happily in this case the personal injuries were not very serious.

Here is an instance of disregard of animal sufferings which, however, also illustrates finely the attitude of motorists who understand the claims of courtesy and humanity. We give it in the words of one who was there:

"This morning a car passing through this village on a main road knocked over a terrier and went on. Three of us who saw the incident were agreed in estimating the pace of the car's rush from the spot at fifty miles an hour.

"I went to examine the dog; but before I reached it another car stopped, and the motorist alighted and carried the dog to the side of the road, where we found it was stunned and cut, but apparently had no bones broken.

#### Dogs and Humans

"The kindly motorist noticed that the dog had a Tail-Waggers Club badge on its collar, and he at once, while I remained with the dog, drove his car a mile to the nearest telephone-box, spoke to the club in London, gave them the dog's number, got from them the name and address of its owner, went to her house, and brought her to the place where her dog lay.

"His action delayed his journey well over half an hour. When I shook hands with him and thanked him he had nothing to say except that there was nothing else to do, for dogs are as good as most humans, and better than some. I do not know his name, but his number plate was XV 1563."

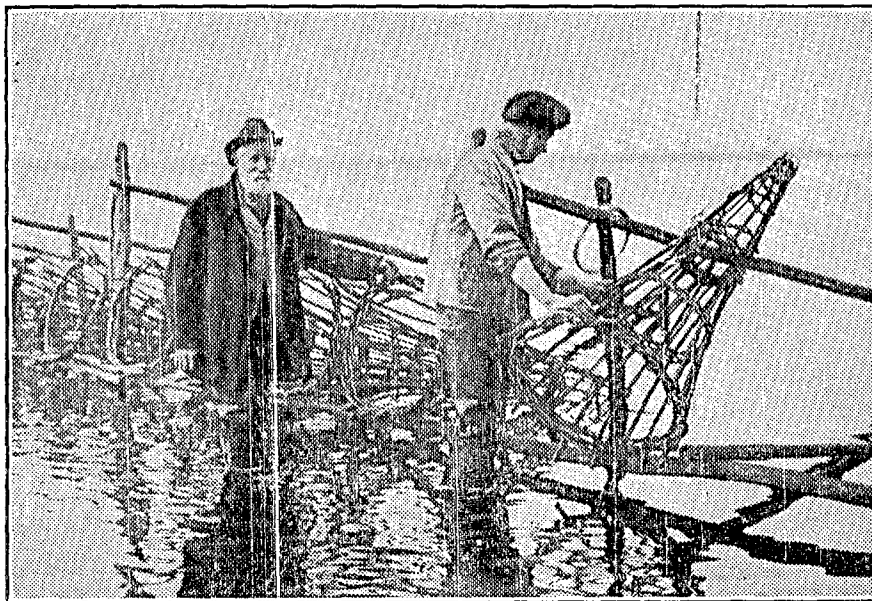
Of course the proportion of brutal motorists is small, but the aggregate is large, otherwise two such examples as we have given here would not have reached us on the same day.



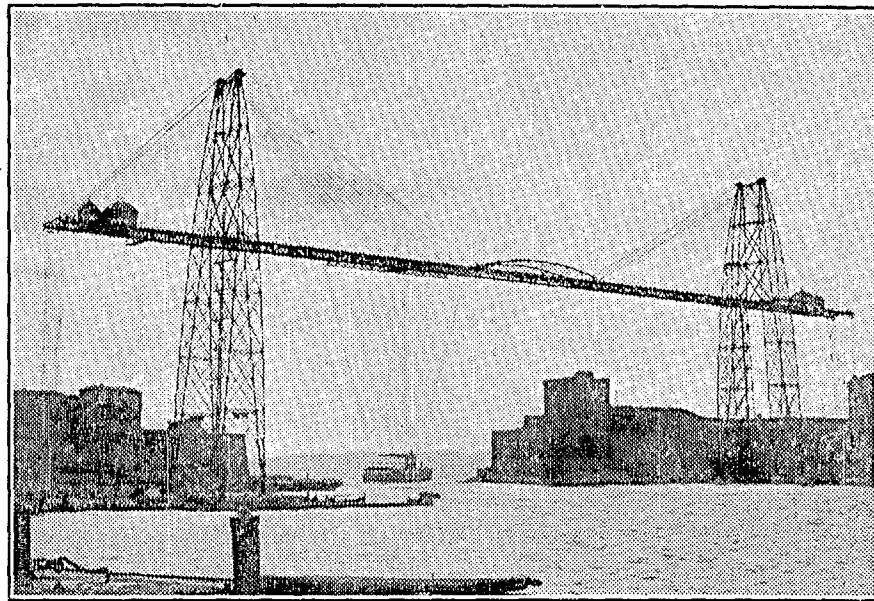




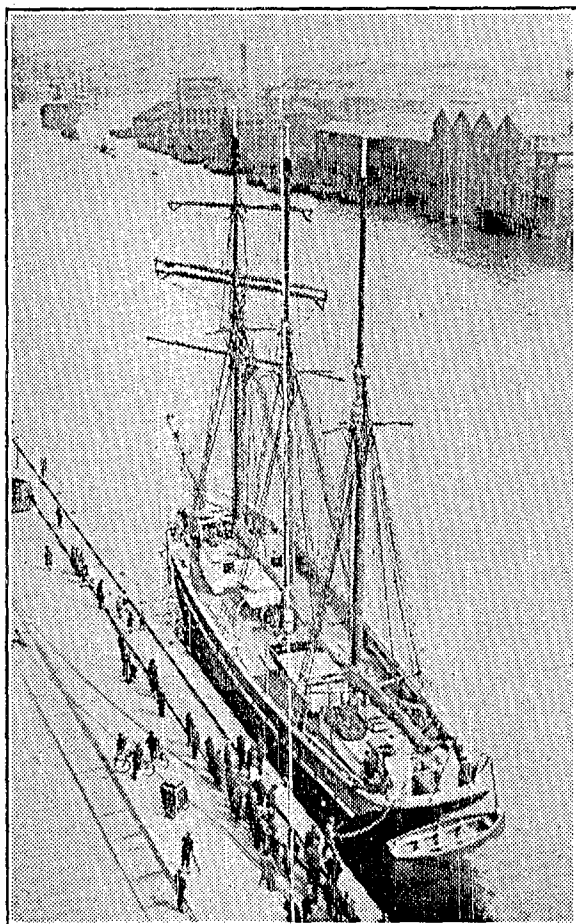
# A NEW OLD TOWN • OVERHEAD FERRY • SCOUTMASTERS AT STUDY



**Severn Fishermen**—The salmon-fishing season on the Severn is now in full swing. These fishermen are fixing traps in which the fish are caught at high tide.



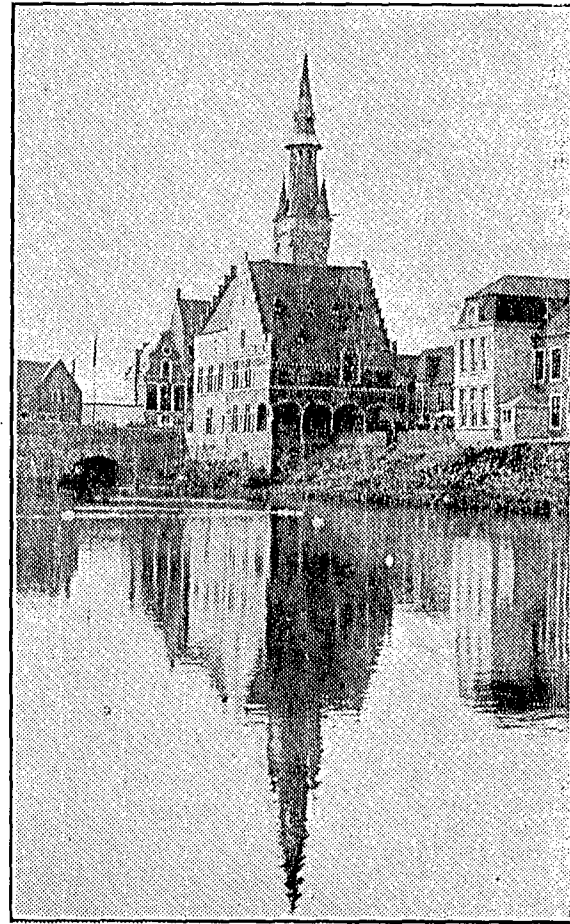
**Overhead Ferry**—People and vehicles crossing Marseilles Harbour by ferry travel over and not on the water. The ferry is suspended by cables from this great transporter bridge.



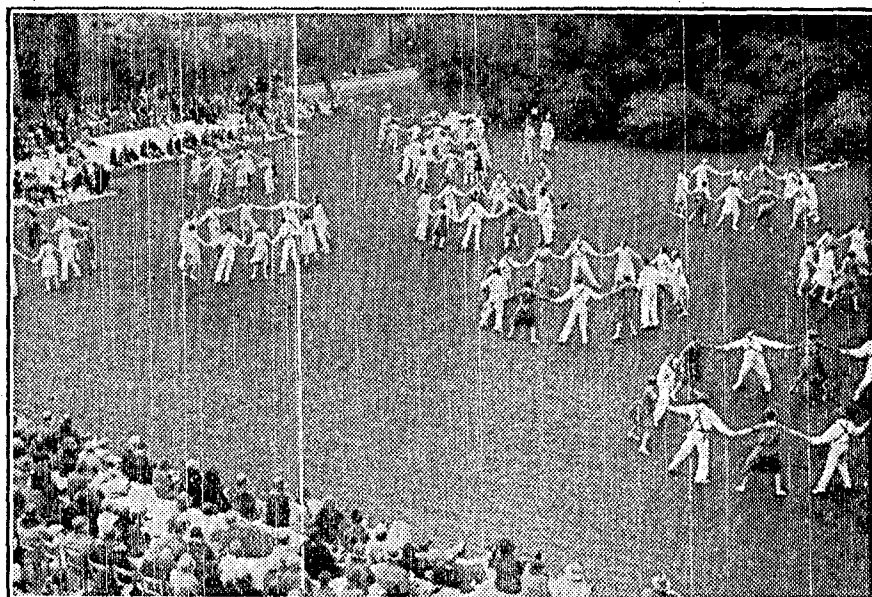
**A Change of Occupation**—This German vessel, the Nauschutz, which brought a cargo of china clay to Newcastle, was converted into a lightship between Skagen and Norway for the benefit of German submarines during the war.



**A Queer Pet**—There seems to be nothing very attractive about an alligator as a pet. This little boy, however, appears to have taken kindly to Peter, the baby alligator at the London Zoo.



**A New Old Town**—Although this picturesque corner of a Belgian town looks very old it was actually built this year on the old ramparts of Antwerp. It represents Old Belgium at the Belgian Centenary Exhibition. See Page 4.



**Folk Dancing at Oxford**—An effort is being made to revive interest in the picturesque old English folk dances. Here we see a demonstration being given by members of the English Folk Dancing Society in the beautiful gardens of New College, Oxford.



**Scoutmasters at Study**—All Scouts know that the various badges of the movement must be thoroughly earned. This picture shows a group of Scoutmasters studying for the Wood Badge during a week-end camp in the grounds of Hartford Hall, Northumberland.



## DREAMERS AND DREAMS

Samuel Hearne and Billy Beach

From Coronation Gulf, which looks out from Northern Canada toward the Arctic Ocean, a 600-pound nugget of copper has been sent from the newly-made railway terminus at Fort Churchill to the National Museum at Ottawa.

It is a notable nugget, with more than two centuries of story and legend behind it. In the eighteenth century Samuel Hearne the explorer looked from Fort Churchill on the mysterious Arctic Ocean, which no Briton before him had ever seen.

He was one of the great adventurers, and when the Indians brought copper nuggets to him he listened to their tales of regions where copper strewed the ground.

Samuel Hearne's search for this copper El Dorado lived after him. Long after he was dead other prospectors took up his search for the mythical copper mines. They were never found.

But the search for copper revealed wealth of other kinds in this romantic region of the Far North; and it was evident that if a railway could be led to Coronation Gulf a new industrial future would be opened.

In the C.N. we have told the tale of Billy Beach, who lived at Fort Churchill all his life and helped to make the place. He strove with might and main to make the railway people see that it was the only right and proper terminus for the railway; and he succeeded before he died though he did not live to see the trains moving into Churchill as they do now. If copper comes now to Fort Churchill something more than Billy Beach's dreams may come true.

## VIRGIL'S SACRED GROVE

After Many Years

At the gates of Mantua in Italy, where Virgil was 2000 years ago, a park is to be opened in which the memory of the poet may haunt the Virgilian grove like "a green thought in a green shade," as an English poet once wrote.

In this wood are to be planted all the plants and flowers named in the works of the Latin poet. The brown reeds, the silver-leaved willows, will be there. The poplars will whisper in the breeze.

It is the best possible way of commemorating the poet, whose birth is now being celebrated in various ways throughout the world.

A bi-millenary (as we call 2000 years) does not in itself mean much. What are 2000 years in the life of an immortal? But what is most interesting about the completion of this wood at Mantua is that the idea of planting it was born 100 years ago, and has been put off by wars and rumours of wars ever since.

The Austrians and the Russians destroyed all the preparations made in 1797, and Napoleon did nothing to forward the idea.

After nearly 100 years the project was revived at the end of the 19th century; but nobody could spare the money and the Great War destroyed the project.

Now at long last it has been revived and promises to come to fruition. It is perhaps like the twig the dove bore to the Ark, a sign that war is really over.

## IN THE WRONG COURT

A certain man was due at a provincial guildhall the other day to receive from the Mayor a reward for a gallant act of rescue. But he attended the police-court instead, charged with theft! Never was clearer example of the saying:

*There is so much good in the worst of us,  
And so much bad in the best of us,  
That it ill becomes any of us  
To find fault with the rest of us.*

Let us hope the hero will conquer the rogue in the man of Hull.

## BEGINNING THE DAY

Canon Swallow's Golden Deed

One of the golden deeds of Canon Swallow, who has lately died, is told of him by a man who held another faith but was as anxious to help L.C.C. school teachers as the canon. Over their work for education they made friends, and the other discovered this daily good deed.

There were many young people who worked in offices for as little wages as others worked in factories or on building works, and in order to avail themselves of the cheap workmen's railway tickets they had to arrive in the City from the suburbs some hours before the offices opened. Every morning at six the canon used to leave his home, no matter what the weather, and travel from Hampstead to the City, where he opened some church rooms for the office workers. There they found magazines, papers, and a kind welcome. It was little less than a godsend to delicate girls and thinly-clad youths on wintry days.

Few men have been more deeply mourned than this kindly scholar.

## SEVEN FEET FROM AN ANVIL

A Strange Nesting Place

One of the most curious instances of a bird's choice of a nesting place comes to us from the Forest of Dean.

A pair of blackbirds have built their nest in a blacksmith's smithy, only seven feet away from the anvil on which he is working every day and of course spreading sparks in all directions.

They have hatched four young ones, and were rearing them safely when the blacksmith's daughter (Phyllis Ryall) wrote to the C.N. about it.

Both the birds fly in and out and take no notice of the blacksmith or the sparks that his hammer scatters around.

Two of the young birds were hatched out one day and two the next day. The mother bird left the nest once to bring in grubs.

Besides the choice of a nesting place so near to human activity there is the curious fact that blackbirds very rarely build in such an open place.

## A BED AT BART'S

Have you been to look over the new wing at Bart's, which the King is to open by and by? The public is invited, and you should write to the hospital for a voucher.

We were conducted by a tired-looking doctor who showed us the wondrous gadgets in the operating theatre and in the ward. But what remains with us is the inscription over one of the many beds already endowed. It gave the name of the donor, a Scottish name surely, and it added that the bed was given in gratitude "to the City which had been so kind to me."

Is not that a happy thing? Is it not a good augury for the many patients that will lie in that bed? May the City also be kind to them.

## GUILDFORD AWAKE

Guildford is not asleep, we are glad to find, for we learn that it has already proposed to take steps to free the town from litter.

The Town Clerk has already taken action and secured a byelaw which now awaits the approval of the Home Office; and the Mayor, Mr Charles T. Bateman, writes to us that we may rest assured that Guildford will do its best to keep the streets clean and tidy.

Those thousands of people who love to saunter in the famous street of this old town, calling at its quaint Guildhall, its ancient church, and its historic castle walls, will, we are sure, do their part in keeping Guildford free from litter.

## THE 59TH TIME

May Meeting at Geneva

By Our League Correspondent

The Council of the League of Nations celebrated its 59th session by the presence of the Foreign Ministers of the four great Powers of Europe for the first time—Mr Henderson, M Briand, Dr Curtius, and Signor Grandi. The Foreign Minister of Yugo-Slavia, Dr Marinkovitch, was in the chair, and those of Poland and Finland were also present. Certainly one felt that the affairs of the world were being decided round the blue horseshoe table in the immense glass room of the Secretariat, with its lovely vistas of fresh spring green and magnolia trees in flower; and the unusual number of visitors crowding into every possible space seemed a recognition of it.

Yet very business-like and undramatic were the proceedings; and this very routine, without any excitement at all, shows that affairs of the world are quiet. Someone wisely remarked that the Council cannot stop a war at every one of its sessions!

But an unexciting session does not mean a useless one, and the possibilities of France and Italy coming to some better agreement than they could arrive at at the Naval Conference, of Germany and Poland settling matters in connection with the commercial treaty lately drawn up between them, of France and Germany understanding each other in matters concerned with the Saar Territory, are the great benefits to be derived from personal contacts and conversations.

## 15 MEETINGS

What the League is Doing

Nine meetings in April, fifteen in May! Does the League of Nations always speed along at this rate? Perhaps not, but there is never any real cessation of its activities.

Money problems occupied the Committee which met on May 1, particularly the estimates for 1931, which include credits for the League Wireless Station. These estimates have been carefully prepared by the various bodies concerned, and will be drastically overhauled by the next Assembly before they are accepted. Perhaps it will interest C.N. readers to compare the budget for Manchester with that of the League of Nations, the one contributed by the citizens of one city, the other by the Governments of 54 countries.

The League of Nations annual budget is £1,100,000; Manchester's budget is nearly £5,000,000.

The Financial and the Fiscal Committees also have money matters to deal with, the first with financial reconstruction in Greece, Bulgaria, Estonia, and Danzig; the second with the problem of international taxation.

Three Health meetings are more easily understood; one to review the work undertaken in India in the campaign against malaria, one a six-weeks study tour of foreign medical men in France, and one to consider the general instruction given in Public Health Schools recently established in Warsaw, Budapest, Zagreb, and London.

## A TRUE STORY

It is always interesting to note things that happen which are improbable.

Last month a gentleman of fortune using a stolen cheque book called on a post office in Hampshire and asked if the kind people there would kindly cash a cheque for him. They had never heard of him. He left his car (in which it now seems were a Chinese carpet and a large round table for which he never meant to pay), marched in, and received a bundle of notes over the counter from an obliging official, who is sorry now.

It is strange, is it not? Yet it happened. We are glad to hear that the fellow has been put where he should be put.

## THE RIDER ROUND THE WORLD

Why He Turned Back

By Our Hungary Correspondent

Everyone knows that achievement is a splendid thing, but it is good to be reminded now and then that failure can run it very close.

When the young Hungarian Imre Peak started out last November on a ride round the world he thought, and all who watched his departure thought with him, that it would be years before his own country saw him again. But things have turned out differently.

He had got no farther than Angora when his horse, Hope, turned all his hopes to naught by going lame. It was out of the question to continue the journey with him, and the young traveller was strongly advised to sell him and buy another horse. Had he thought only of himself he would have done so and gone on, but he thought of his horse first and of himself not at all.

"I have grown so fond of Hope," he wrote home to a friend, "that I can't bear the idea of selling him to some stranger who, for all I know, might starve him. I'd rather take him back home and start all over again."

He expects there will be a big laugh against him when he arrives home jogging on a lame horse, and has to confess that his first attempt at riding round the world has fizzled out in ignominious failure.

Though he is sensitive to ridicule, he would far rather be laughed at than have to wonder all the time he was making his way across Asia and America how poor old Hope was doing.

## A VILLAGE'S DISTINCTION

Great Barford's First Inquest

The other day an inquest was held at Great Barford, in Bedfordshire, and the coroner said that the first inquest ever recorded in England was held in that parish.

A boy tumbled into a well about 830 years ago in Great Barford, and an inquest was held on his little body. That was the first inquest recorded.

Nobody knows when the very first inquest was held in England, but most legal historians believe the custom was brought by the Normans, and that it was known in France when Charlemagne reigned, or earlier still. An inquest was simply an inquiry, made by an officer who summoned a body of local men to give answer on oath, and in the past inquests were held on many other things besides treasure trove and dead bodies. It seems that the information in Domesday Book was got by holding inquests all over conquered England.

## THE GREAT EXHIBITION AT ANTWERP

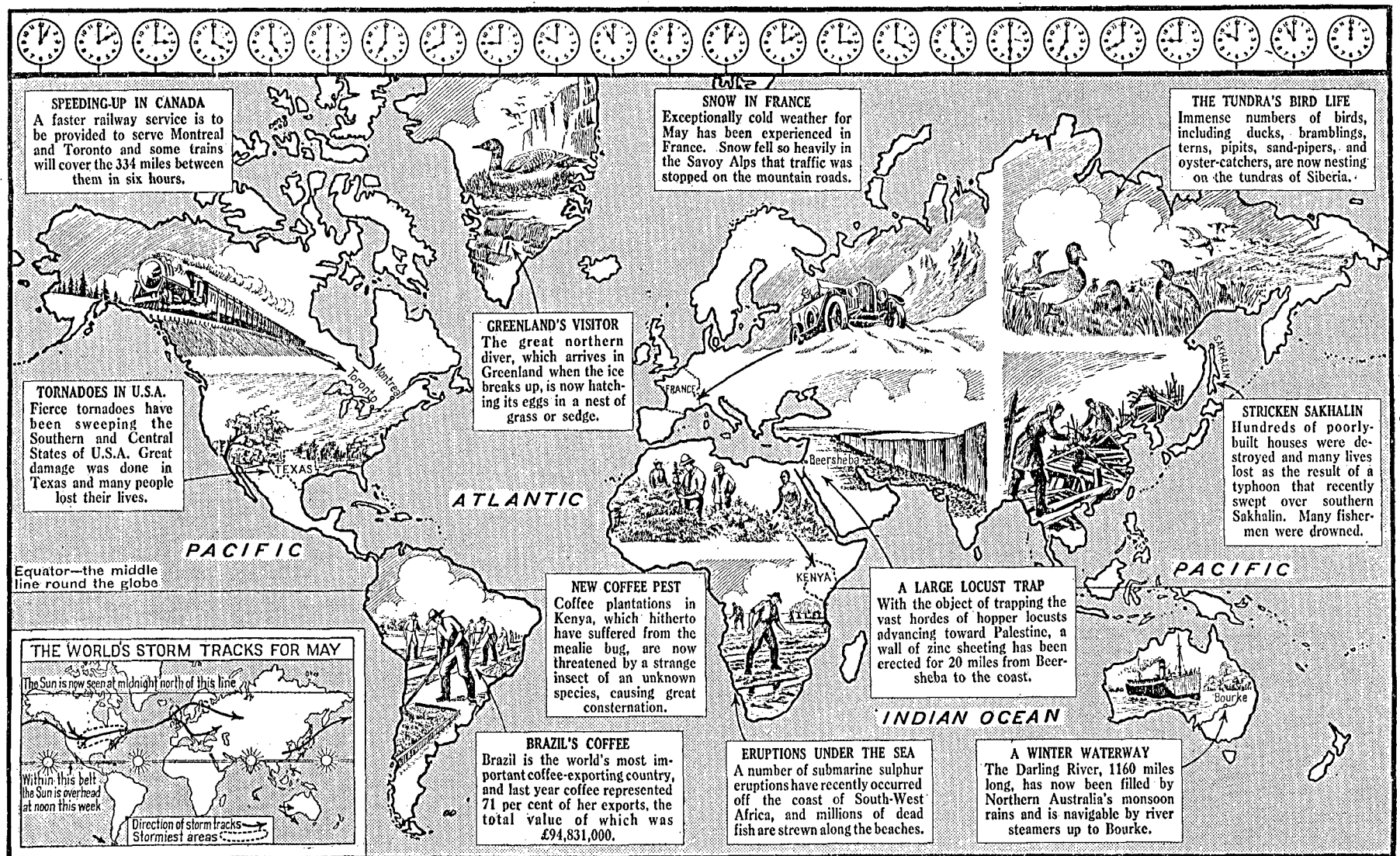
To the boy and girl of the future the learning of geography will be not a drudgery but a pastime, illustrated by delightful models of the world's great industries.

At the great exhibition now being held at Antwerp many wonderful things for making education pleasant and easy are to be seen, among the most attractive being an electric working model of the Gladstone Dock at Liverpool, showing the rise and fall of the tide, the opening and shutting of the dock gates, and the entrance and exit of ships at any state of the tide.

Another model shows the compartment boats which carry coal from the Yorkshire collieries to Goole. These are floated on a hoist cradle and tilted, the coal being tipped down a chute into a waiting vessel. Another model gives a view of the Tyne from its mouth to Newcastle, showing 8000 buildings, 120 cranes, and 188 ships.



# PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## LIGHTING THE TRAIN Gas to Go Entirely

The gas-lit railway trains have lasted far too long, and we are glad to gather that all gas-lit railway coaches are being converted to electricity as rapidly as possible. Gas lighting of trains is both inefficient and dangerous and ought to have been abolished long ago.

Few people realise how the electric lighting of a train is contrived. The thing is done by causing the train to light itself, as it were. A strongly-built dynamo is driven by a belt running round a pulley on one of the axles of the railway coach. Current is thus directly generated, and when not immediately used by the lamps is stored in a battery of accumulators. By ingenious devices the output of the dynamo is regulated as the speed and power vary.

## WE ARE SEVEN

The happy relations existing in South Africa between the united white races are symbolised in a photograph which reaches us from seven girls of St Mary's Diocesan School, Pretoria.

Behind them at a picnic on Struben Kop is part of a dismantled fort, and the fathers of three of the girls in the group were once helping to defend it when war swept over South Africa. Now all are living in friendliness and reading the Children's Newspaper together.

History has no more striking example of peacemaking, by races that hold each other in high respect, than that shown by the Dutch and British people of South Africa. They have taught all the world how to do it.

Europe learns slowly, but its day of Peace is coming too. *Picture on page 9*

## CHINESE WIRELESS

One of the most powerful wireless stations in the world is being put up at Nanking. It is being erected by a German company, and Chinese engineers are studying in Germany how to control the new station.

## ROBERT BRIDGES AND HIS NURSE

In the parish church of Great Mongeham there is a memorial to one we ought to remember with gratitude.

Catherine Ashby was the old nurse of Robert Bridges, the Poet Laureate who died the other day. She was something of a saint, like the Cummy of R.L.S.; Robert Bridges never forgot her tender patience and faithful care. As a proof of his love he set up a memorial to her which includes these lines:

In memory of Catherine Ashby of Mongeham for many years of Walmer in the household of M. Bridges of St Nicholas, Thanet. She md. Edwd. Parker 1856 and died aged 70 in 1881. Neither thy lovingkindness nor thy piety saved thee, Nurse, When among the living from grievous sufferings, But if among the Blessed there is compensation for good deeds Thou wilt be in greater honour than the poet Who (having been nurtured the 8th of 9), to repay the dues of rearing, Has set up this memorial of enduring love.

Robert Bridges  
1923.

## A VERY BRIGHT IDEA

The Canadian House of Commons listened lately to a proposal from its one and only woman member which must surely have made them think.

Miss Agnes MacPhail, having been delegate for her country at the last Assembly and knowing all about the League of Nations, suggested that for every hundred dollars spent by the Government for purposes of war one dollar should be spent on founding international scholarships at Canadian universities and a Chair of International Relations. A hundred dollars for war; one little one for peace!

## THE FRIEND OF YOUTH

Port Secretaries of the Y.M.C.A. last year visited about 500 steamers, found accommodation for about 2000 travellers, and furnished letters of introduction to about 13,000 people.

## FOUR DOCTORS TO A MILLION SQUARE MILES

Doctors are rare in Australia's Northern Territory.

Port Darwin, in the north, which is the official residence of the Governor and boasts a prison, has one doctor.

Katherine, on the Katherine River, 200 miles away, has another.

Alice Springs, in the back blocks of this Never Never Land, as Australians call it, also has one, and so has Camooweal; but these outposts of Empire are each 1000 miles from Katherine.

Recently the Port Darwin doctor went for a hard-earned holiday. The Government, unwilling to leave the Northern Territory's chief town without medical advice, called up the doctor from Katherine to act as his substitute during his absence.

Katherine at once held an indignation meeting of its townspeople and farmers, protesting at being left without their doctor in the wet season. When it rains in the Northern Territory it pours. They must send either to Port Darwin or to Alice Springs or Camooweal for medical aid.

The protest is a striking illustration of the emptiness of Australia, which lives on its coastline.

## WATCH YOUR DOG'S FEET

The National Canine Defence League has issued a very necessary notice about the injury to dogs' feet caused by the tarring of the roads in spring.

The tender skin between a dog's toes often suffers severely from the tar that is picked up by the dog's pads. Vaseline on the hair between the toes is a partial protection. When the pads have tar on them butter is a good solvent to get it off. Or hold the affected feet for a few minutes, morning and evening, in a solution of one part of methylated spirit to four parts of water; or make a lotion of one heaped dessertspoonful of powdered alum to half a pint of water.

## THE BUS TICKET What Shall We Do With It?

Nobody can say that the London General is not trying hard to clear the streets of the ticket litter from the buses, but in spite of all its appeals the habit of dropping the ticket in the bus is not yet general.

A letter from the company announces a slight increase in the number of tickets dropped in the buses, but declares that the increase does not seem sufficient to justify the company in thinking receptacles for tickets would be widely used.

The C.N., which has had an interest in this question for many years, is convinced that the company is wrong. We think the notice asking passengers to drop their tickets should be in front of the bus as well as at the back; so long as it remains at the back, only to catch the eye of passengers at the moment their attention is concentrated on getting out, the appeal must be largely ineffective. A notice in front, catching the eye when the passenger has leisure to think of it, and is generally glad enough to have something to think about, would be much more effective.

Best of all, however, would be a long, narrow box at the back of each seat, as the C.N. suggested months ago. The mere sight of a box would be enough. The anxiety of the London General lest smokers should drop cigarette-ends into the box seems to us entirely unwarranted, but if this is seriously felt it would be easy to make the experiment inside the bus where smoking is not allowed, and to leave the top for independent treatment.

The C.N. will be willing to pay for the cost of an experiment with fifty of these boxes, believing that they would solve, once for all, this wretched problem of littering the streets with all these thousands of tickets.

Better than all these problems would it be if some inventor could do away with the tickets altogether.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MAY 31

1930

## A Boy Sends in His Resignation

THE C.N. has received a curious little letter from a Leicestershire boy who had joined the Children's League of Nations, but writes to withdraw because he means to join the Navy when he is old enough.

Evidently he thinks the two things do not fit. But is this so? It may be as well quietly to face that question.

Are the League of Nations and the Children's League of Nations hostile to the existence of the Army and the Navy? Are a hatred of war and a passionate love of peace inconsistent with the existence of armies and navies at this time?

Think how it is that wars have come about. Hitherto wars have broken out for bad reasons, because there was no way of bringing cool reason, sound sense, and right feeling to bear on the situation. The League of Nations is the world's new way of seeing that the war-makers shall be brought to humanity's Bar of Reason before civilised nations again fall into this horrible outrage against mankind. The League has a plan which, if carried out unitedly, will stop war and save peace.

But does this involve the abolition of all armies and navies? Not at all. We all know there are unfortunately large tracts of the Earth where, by long custom and unrestrained instinct, murder and plunder, conquest and slavery, would still oppress mankind if there were no civilised power on the spot to say *Thou shalt not*.

*What of the hillmen surrounding India agog to descend into its less warlike plains?*

*What of the Chinese pirates who even now make ordinary commerce a grave hazard?*

*What of the slavery that is still carried on by violence?*

*What of Arab tribes insisting on the right to raid their neighbours?*

This ancient rule of violence still lurks in wait beyond the bounds of civilisation, and Peace and Humanity need protection.

It should be the duty of all Civilisation to protect Civilisation everywhere, and the nations which do that duty do well. Some do it by a heavy sacrifice, and the rest should be grateful.

So it is that armies and navies are needed to police the world, especially the backward world. They may even be needed to police so-called civilised lands if they put themselves beyond the bounds of mankind's united sense of reason and justice.

As well might our Leicestershire boy object to join the R.S.P.C.A. because he was going to be a policeman as refuse to join the C.L.N. because he is going to be a seaman. We shall need armies and navies to guard the peace for long, long years.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## The Good Boy and the Bad Scout

THERE is a bad Scout somewhere. It is hard to believe, but it is true.

He was seen the other day by a C.N. friend who had just been delighted to watch a boy going round a village picking up litter and putting it in a bag. Walking on a little way the friend came upon the bad Scout, who stood in the street eating an orange and *throwing the peel on the pavement*.

The next word is with the Scout, if this should reach his eye.

## The Old Quill

IN one of Thomas Hardy's notebooks is a charming picture of England 100 years ago.

"I have heard of a girl," he wrote in 1895, "now a very old woman, who in her youth was seen following a goose about the common all the afternoon to get a quill with which the parish clerk could write for her a letter to her lover!"

Such a method of getting a quill pen for important letters, said Mr Hardy, was not infrequent at that date.

Nowadays there is perhaps not a girl in the land who could not write her own letter to her sweetheart, but can a letter written with a fountain pen or on a typewriter be quite as romantic as one written with a quill won in the way described?

## It All Depends

What is Work?  
When done with grudgery  
Work is slaving,  
Work is drudgery.  
A joyous mood  
Can make it, though,  
The finest sport  
The world can show.

## A World Fleet

STRANGE that after reading so much of fleets and tonnage and cruisers, of five nations jealously regarding each other's ships, some of us should hear for the first time of an international fleet already in existence, a fleet supported for a common purpose beneficial to all by the contributions of eleven nations.

Quietly this fleet pursues its work of guarding the highways of the sea; but what is the foe it keeps at bay?

*A ghostly one that slips silently about the waters, giving no sign of its approach, suddenly appearing where least expected, the mysterious moving masses of ice.*

To keep all shipping warned of the presence of icebergs and of their movements is the purpose of this North Atlantic Ice Patrol, and all the ships of the world are safeguarded by it. Does it not give us hope that the day will come when those knotty problems of Tonnage and Parity will disappear, and one World Fleet will patrol the seas?

## Do You Want War?

IF not, why is 13s 4d of every pound of your taxes being paid for it?

## The Difference

WE have been asked why we prefer a man who shoots foxes to the man who hunts them to death.

It seems to us quite plain. The man who shoots a fox shoots it to destroy a pest. The man who hunts it keeps a public pest for his private enjoyment.

## Tip-Cat

CHILDREN are sometimes severe critics of their parents. When small they often sit on them.

A GOOD leather-soled shoe is recommended as the best chest-protector. A box-calf one suits some chests.

CHILDREN are said to live in a world of fiction. But should not tell tales out of school.

It is said that the near future holds better times. And they will never come if it lets them go.

Books we read in youth often shape our political opinions. Thus, conservative children may get a liberal education.

## Peter Puck Wants To Know



not to publish crime probably realises that crime is not news in Chicago.

To go without nice things is said to make people plain. Anyhow, it makes them com-plain.

WIRELESS news: The Premier called Australia up at 8.30 a.m. But Australia was already awake.

## In That Day

Old Song will burst  
Grief's prison-bars,  
And Sorrow's sons  
Shall find the stars!

Egbert Sandford

## THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

A FRIEND of McGill University in Canada has bequeathed it £50,000.

THE Y.M.C.A. hopes to place 1200 young men and boys in Canada this summer.

A GRATEFUL patient is keeping Acton Hospital in floor polish every week.

£6000 has been left to provide a motor-lifeboat for Scotland.

## Let Us Give Thanks For Kew

Is anything in England more beautiful than Kew?

Its tulip beds, its great bushes of burberries, its gorgeous cedars, and its rhododendrons are worth every scene on every London stage, and they cost us nothing, for even the penny entrance fee is now abolished.

We could not help wishing, as we came away the other day, that everyone who sees this wondrous place would send a guinea to the National Trust, which is trying hard to keep little pieces of England everywhere as much like Kew as possible.

It has now 150 properties, covering about thirty thousand acres, a poor acreage for a duke and a pitiable one for a nation, as Mr Trevelyan says. But it is a noble achievement for any society to accomplish with the help of only a thousand members, and the C.N. would like to feel that the beauty of our fields and gardens and parks at this time would move at least a hundred of its readers to join the National Trust and send it at least 10s every year.

Last year the Trust bought fourteen new estates, worth altogether £60,000. Never can they be spoiled. It was Sir James Barrie who was reminding us the other day of the classic appeal of the London street arab, *Come along, Gentlemen. Come along, Nice Lady*. We beg leave to repeat it on behalf of the National Trust.

## A Hymn For Both Sides of the Atlantic

Two empires by the sea,  
Two nations great and free,  
One anthem raise.  
One race of ancient fame,  
One tongue, one faith, we claim,  
One God, whose glorious Name  
We love and praise.

What deeds our fathers wrought,  
What battles we have fought,  
Let fame record.

Now, vengeful passion, cease,  
Come, victories of peace,  
Nor hate, nor pride's caprice,  
Unsheath the sword.

Though deep the sea, and wide,  
Twixt realm and realm, its tide  
Binds strand to strand.  
So be the gulf between  
Gray coasts and islands green  
With bonds of peace serene  
And friendship spanned.

Now, may the God above  
Guard the dear land we love,  
Both East and West.  
Let love more fervent glow,  
As peaceful ages go,  
And strength yet stronger grow,  
Blessing and blest.

George Huntington

## The Foes to Fight

Jesus, King and Lord,  
Whose are my foes to fight,  
Gird me with Thy sword  
Swift and sharp and bright.  
Thee would I serve if I might,  
And conquer if I can:  
From day-dawn till night,  
Take the strength of a man.

H. C. Beeching



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## GREATHEART NANSEN

### THE WORLD LOSES A SUPREME FIGURE

#### The Explorer Who Loved the World and Its Humanity

#### A NOBLE LIFE OF PEACE

Dr Fridtjof Nansen, whose death the whole world has been lamenting, left the world richer in the memory of a man who in all he did and all he sought to do was of unstained nobility of character.

In him burned that divine fire of the love of discovery which took him from his earliest manhood in search of the secrets of the Arctic, but in none of his dauntless work appeared a trace of self-seeking. It might truly be said of him that he feared nothing but God.

#### His Stand for Peace

When his work of exploration was accomplished he turned, as fearlessly and as wholeheartedly to the task of helping to regenerate a Europe which had been stricken and devastated by the war. He was one of the soldiers of Christ, a warrior to whom no man owed his death but to whom thousands of sufferers from famine and pestilence in Russia and Armenia owed their lives. At Geneva he stood like a rock for peace among men. He was a Mr Greathart and, like that other hero of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, was ever Valiant for Truth. When he left the world to pass over the river, all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.

In the great story of Polar exploration his name stands out in letters of gold. The Arctic called him when he was on the threshold of manhood as the sea had called his Viking ancestors.

#### Turning Point in His Career

He had seen the shores of Greenland from the deck of a sealer on a holiday voyage, and the sight turned his thoughts away from the profession of the law or the immediate claims of science to the unconquerable desire for exploration. He would explore the unknown interior of Greenland.

There was no money forthcoming for a big organised expedition. Nansen declared that he would cross the icy plateau on skis. The project was widely denounced as foolhardy and impossible. Neither word was in Nansen's vocabulary. Fearless he was, but what he planned and what he did was based on carefulness of plan as well as on boldness of execution. He sought as his companions Sverdrup, Dietrichson, Traa (a northern peasant), and two mountain Lapps, five of the best and strongest ski-men in Norway. He was a champion ski-runner himself, and with these he made the "impossible" crossing of Greenland and stamped himself, at the age of 28, as an explorer and a pioneer destined for greatness.

#### The Seal on His Fame

His voyage on the Fram, which was made with very little encouragement from British, Norwegian, or American experts, set the seal on his fame. The scientific vision on which this famous drift toward the Pole was based was no less remarkable than the fearlessness with which it was attempted. Nansen took risks. On this three-years voyage, during which the ship was the sport of the elements, often helpless in the grip of the icefields, he and his companions (the chief of whom were Amundsen and Sverdrup) were often in peril, seldom out of the way of hardship, but it was Nansen's insight and knowledge no less than his courage which brought them through.

The great record of his voyage was that Nansen in the Fram had "reached the 86th parallel," nearer to the Pole than any other explorer. In days to come it will not be that achievement which will be most memorable, for the

## A NEW SIGN ON THE ROADS

**M**OTORISTS and pedestrians must take extra care when they see the new sign Narrowing Margins in front of them.

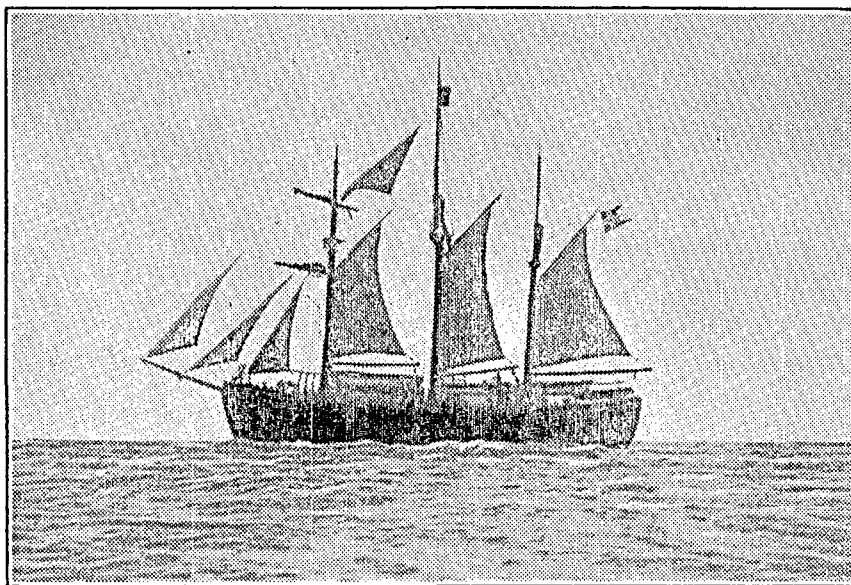
They will see it when approaching tram-lines in town streets, which are always awkward obstacles for the motor-car but become perilous when the tram-lines are laid close to the kerb.

In Rochester, for example, and in other old towns with narrow streets, this is a frequent source of danger, not only because there is not enough room for another vehicle to pass when a tram is occupying the track, but because the narrowing is so often unexpected.

The car or other vehicle attempting to pass is caught between the tram and the kerb because the tram seems to swing in suddenly. The sign of Narrowing Margins will tell the approaching motor-car that the space for passing is about to narrow.

The sign, which is due to the watchfulness of the Roads Improvement Association, and has been designed after consultation with highway surveyors, will bear the two words mentioned in large letters surmounted by the red triangle of Safety First and two red lamps to shine by night.

## THE GREAT MAN AND HIS LITTLE SHIP



Nansen's stout little ship Fram



Nansen and a comrade setting out to the Pole, wave farewell to the ice-locked Fram. Nansen has gone, but his ship remains. Few ships have a prouder story, and the C.N. warmly commends the appeal for its preservation as a memorial and an act of homage to the great explorer. See next column.

Continued from the previous column

Pole has since been conquered; but the voyage of the Fram with its tale of endeavour can never be forgotten.

Other Arctic exploration is stamped with Nansen's name. He never lost interest in the magnetic North, and almost till the day of his death was planning a new aerial survey of the Polar Basin. But when the war was over he threw all his powers, all his courage, all his hopes and determination, into the amelioration of the lot of his fellow-men. He threw himself into the work of the League of Nations. He was the first to organise from Geneva the rescue of the soldiers of many nations who were scattered all over the world at the close of the war.

In the end Nansen got nearly all of them back to their own countries, and he expanded his original plan into getting back refugees of all kinds to the homes from which the war and its settlements had evicted them. He was the strong

refuge of the refugees, and Nansen and his Commission handled between three and four millions of them, leaving now less than a quarter of a million to be provided for. Before the machinery of the League had been set up he had by his own efforts conveyed help and food to thousands in the famine-stricken parts of Russia and the Near East.

This brave giant was almost too strong for Geneva, where the slowness of movement of some of the League's machinery moved him to impatience. All loved him, all admired his sincerity; but just as, when a young man, his schemes had seemed too great and impulsive to slower-witted men, so it was with his splendid confidence that the world must be made better at once and without delay; so in the Assembly of the League of Nations there were colleagues who thought he hoped too much and feared too little. But that was the keynote of this noble man's life and career. He hoped and feared not.

## NANSEN'S SHIP OF PEACE

### SHALL IT BE WRECKED?

#### The Best Monument of a Great Man's Fame

#### A MOVEMENT TO HELP

Now that Dr Nansen has gone, who would not do something to preserve his famous ship the Fram?

This great old ship of discovery, which went nearer to the North Pole than any other ship, must some day be the sole surviving relic of a great feat of Arctic exploration. The name of its director on that voyage will never be forgotten. It will be long remembered now that the great explorer has passed on "a happier voyage toward no earthly Pole."

Captain Otto Sverdrup, who navigated the Fram during the three years when it drifted across the North Polar Ocean, also has his secure place in the history of Arctic exploration.

#### Inspiring Memories

But these men, even our Nansens, must some day become only inspiring memories. Who would not keep the Fram to give to future generations something tangible connected with the explorers? What could speak so clearly to our children's children of Nansen and Sverdrup and Amundsen (for he sailed in the Fram to the Antarctic) as this ship which was their home in some of the greatest hours of their lives?

The Fram was specially built forty years ago for Nansen so that it would resist the pressure of the Polar ice-pack, and all the skill and knowledge of its designer were lavished on it.

Its first voyage was with Nansen from 1893 to 1896 in the famous Polar drift. It made a second voyage in 1898 under Sverdrup to explore the channels of the Arctic archipelago. That was another three-years work, when it reached within 300 miles of the Pole; and the third voyage was in 1910, when it took Amundsen to the Antarctic.

Amundsen is dead, and now Nansen is gone. The Fram is in dock in Norway, and if something is not done this great ship, a Ship of Peace not of war, will be broken up. Her work is ended.

#### The World's Gratitude

But shall we say that her day is done? We hope not. If not for the Fram's sake, then especially for the sake of Dr Nansen, to whom the world owes its gratitude for a great feat of exploration and a great example, the ship should be preserved.

Dr Nansen's work was not done when his exploration was finished. He turned, after the Great War, to bring peace and order into the world among the wreckage. He led the world in fighting disease and famine which followed the strife.

Lord Cecil of Chelwood is now heading an English committee which seeks to preserve the Fram as a permanent memorial to him and as a recognition of his striving, and anyone interested in helping to save the ship should write to Mr J. Howard Whitehouse at Bembridge School in the Isle of Wight.

Bembridge boys knew Nansen, and we are sure the enthusiasm of Mr Whitehouse and the Fram Committee will succeed in saving this unique Ship of Peace from destruction.

#### THE COTTON ROBOT

A good deal of attention is being attracted in South America by the success of a new machine which picks cotton, and doubtless some of the natives are feeling a little alarmed.

The machine has been tested in competition with a group of trained Negro cotton-pickers, and one machine not only picked more cotton than a number of Negroes, but picked it better. The cotton-picker is driven by compressed air, and we are told it can be worked by an unskilled native.



## A RIVER THAT RAN AWAY

### NEW ZEALAND'S MIGHTY DAM

Power From the Waikato For Lighting the Towns

### EIGHT YEARS OF LABOUR

New Zealand's big river of the North Island, the Waikato, is the latest of the world's waters to be harnessed to the task of supplying towns with electric light and power.

It has been a hard task to tame this turbulent stream, but at last the Waikato is supplying the city of Auckland and will soon light the town of Hamilton. The work has taken eight years and has cost £3,000,000. That was a million more in money and three years more in time than was calculated.

### A Difficult Proposition

The reason was the waywardness of the Waikato. It is ill meddling with a river at any time. No one can quite say what it will do, as the engineers who tried to divert the comparatively placid Tiber, or the Seine, found in past years. But the Waikato was a peculiarly difficult proposition.

Where the great dam and power station of Arapuni is now pumping out electricity to the cities from its turbo-alternators the Waikato used to flow through a deep gorge which was one of the sights of the old volcanic plateau which the river bisects.

Here the engineers built their dam, with granite walls rising 200 feet above the rocky foundations. But before the dam could be built the river itself had to be diverted through a by-pass tunnel.

The tunnel was a great feat of engineering. It was lined and fitted with hydraulic gates, and to guard it while being constructed huge mounds were built at each end between the tunnel and the river.

### A Deceptive Calm

When the tunnel was finished the mounds were blown up, and the Waikato, monarch of New Zealand rivers, rushed for the first time in a million years through an artificial channel.

It betrayed no symptoms of uneasiness, but its calm was deceptive. The time came, when the dam was finished, to turn the Waikato back into its old channel. Then the monarch showed real fussiness. Instead of finding its way back easily beyond the mouths of the tunnel (now closed against it by the hydraulic lock-gates) the river developed a series of rapids and waterfalls. It swallowed up the land by acres in a few minutes. It bore down silt in its course and put out of action an old power station seven miles farther down. It also cut off the water supply of Hamilton.

### Rapid a Mile Long

Never was a more troublesome river than the Waikato. But after some months of running wild it steadied down, and now is as calm as any stream which includes a rapid a mile long and a cataract 70 feet high can be.

With all its waywardness the Waikato is a great worker. It operates turbines at the Arapuni dam which will develop nearly 200,000 horse-power. The power will be fed to the villages and farms and townships of the Arapuni basin, and will serve them as well as Auckland, with its quarter of a million inhabitants, and the flourishing town of Hamilton.

Arapuni has been built in spite of floods, fires, and strikes, and the British firm of Armstrong Whitworth were the pioneers to build it.

### To C.N. Motorists

Do Not Buy Petrol  
From Ugly Stations

## Brighter Museums

### LET US SEE THE NATION'S TREASURES

How We Are Asked to Pay Twice  
For the Things That Are Ours

### OPEN THE PEOPLE'S GALLERIES WHEN THE PEOPLE CAN GO

The Government has now had time to examine the Reports of the Royal Commission on Museums and National Galleries. What will they do about them?

When we think of the inducements put before the British people not to go to their museums and picture galleries we come to the conclusion that we must be an art-loving nation. The number who do go, in spite of the efforts of museums to hide themselves and their treasures, proves it easily.

What the British public will do to see something which interests them is also proved by the Burlington House Exhibitions, which have been visited by hundreds of thousands. All these exhibitions were well advertised; but our museums do not advertise.

### Why Not Advertise?

Why not? Why does the National Gallery not proclaim from the housetops that it has in Leonardo da Vinci's Madonna of the Rocks one of the greatest pictures in the world, and Raphaels, Botticellis, Titians, and Belinis to compare with the best seen at Burlington House? We suppose the reason is the same as that which makes the Royal Academy seclude in the recesses of its Diploma Gallery (up 90 stairs without a lift) that wonderful cartoon of the Madonna by Leonardo which is the admired of all beholders, when they see it. Till it was lent to the Italian Art Exhibition downstairs few knew it except from photographs and fewer still can have guessed where it was hidden. A visitor who once sought it in its eyrie, and innocently asked the commissionaire of the Diploma Gallery where the Leonardo da Vinci was, found himself corrected with—"Oh, you mean the Madonna from Khartoum."

### Not Enough Visitors

That was the old soldier's belief about the name of the cartoon, and this true story is a parable. The national collections lose enormously in value because there are not enough people to see them, and fewer still to appreciate them.

Nothing is more impressive than to walk through our galleries and see the serried ranks of treasures, any one of which would be the pride or the envy of a single collector, however rich. Millionaires would give a fortune for them, yet here they lie little realised.

*The value of these collections lies in their use.*

What would be their value if nobody at all saw them? Nothing. *They are there to be seen.* Every time a new onlooker sees their beauty they become more valuable, because they have added to themselves an admirer.

### A Precious Capital

That is why it is important above all things that more and more people should see these treasures of the nation, which are part of its capital, a precious capital of beauty and craftsmanship which has accumulated through the ages. So far from encouraging the multitude, the national museums and galleries seem to turn them away.

*Their first line of defence is to charge pettyfogging fees to keep the public out.*

This is the more absurd because the public has already paid for the upkeep of these treasures in its taxes. The imposition is the more exasperating because of the way it is levied. There are free days and sixpenny days, and at the London Museum there is sometimes a shilling day.

What profit does the nation make out of this polite blackmail of its taxpayers? The National Gallery makes £700 a year, and in doing so keeps a multitude of people out, the very people who pay

to keep it up. The National Portrait Gallery makes £300 a year. For three years it doubled its pay days and made an extra £300, by keeping 50,000 people a year out. The Wallace Collection makes £500, the Tate Gallery £1000, the London Museum £900. Are these miserable sums a compensation for a public interest that is stunted by them? The Royal Commission Report on National Museums and Galleries says plainly that the effect on attendance is disastrous.

### No Art of Window-Dressing

The second great shortcoming of the national collections is that they hide their light under a bushel. It is sometimes said that the best exhibition in London is its shop windows. The museums and galleries have no art of window-dressing. There is one museum in London, the United Services Museum in Whitehall, where they are at last making a feeble attempt at display, in the basement windows with railings in front. Some 25,000 more people a year go there than went before the war. It is a proof that education tells and that people can be lured there. But the management of most of these places is on the lines of the Government printers, H.M. Stationery Office, from which books and papers are published in a way that would bankrupt any business man, and which, in spite of very great improvements of late years, is hopelessly afraid of too much cheap publicity.

### A Glaring Example

The Geological Museum is a glaring example of such methods. It has the most frequented and best site of all the museums, yet it is the least visited. Its Piccadilly front, one of the most magnificent sites in London, is wasted, and the entrance is by the back door in Jermyn Street. Imagine Selfridge's with its Oxford Street door built up! Imagine Selfridge's, also, allowing the inside of the shop almost to fall down, so that the roof has to be propped while the walls tremble! The Geological Museum, it is quite clear, belongs to the Stone Age, yet any business man knows how it could be made to give itself a great and noble House with not a penny of charge on the public purse.

So it is with the other museums; they do themselves less than justice.

*They are shut up at the very times in the week when busy people can go to them.*

We ourselves have never been lucky enough to get into the Record Office, which has always been shut whenever we have passed it with a few minutes to spare. It is the most inaccessible of all our treasures.

That people would go if the wares were displayed in the evening is proved by the Thursday and Saturday night opening of the Victoria and Albert. Nearly a thousand visitors more avail themselves every Thursday of the opportunity of coming in till nine.

### Astonishing Stinginess

If the museums are ever to capture the busy multitudes of London they must ask them to come in during the evening. It would cost very little more. But the most astonishing thing about these museums and galleries is the stinginess with which they are conducted. Look at their refreshment rooms: who would go into them if he could help it? The accommodation is always on the mean side, whether for food or washing or anything else. And the most horrible thing is that the staffs are badly paid. Nobody has over £900 a year, which for scholars and experts whose knowledge and reputation are world-wide is perfectly scandalous. We marvel at the way these men place their knowledge at the public service.

## PUZZLES FOR THE LEAGUE

What About Nationality?  
WHEN IS AN ISLAND NOT  
AN ISLAND?

The question of when an island is not an island is not meant here as a riddle, but as a serious question which had to be answered at the Law Conference at The Hague in April. Great Britain's idea is that an island is land which shows above the normal high-water mark; America considers it to be a piece of land uncovered at low tide.

Who was to decide? Until a decision was made the Conference could not get to work on certain questions concerning the rights of seaboard countries over the area of their territorial seas. It was recommended that the British definition should be adopted.

When is an Englishwoman not an Englishwoman? is another question the answer to which formed part of the difficult subject of nationality which the Conference also tackled. At present any women of England, Germany, Italy, and Czechoslovakia who marry foreigners may lose their nationality, and a married woman may have one or two nationalities or none at all according to her own and her husband's country of origin. Obviously there is need for some clearance in this tangled situation.

### Three New Rules

The Conference agreed that every individual should have a nationality, and that the possession of more than one should be avoided. Three rules were drawn up. The first settles the nationality of children whose father has none; the second enables an undesirable person to be sent back to the country whose nationality he last possessed; and the third relates to military obligations in cases of double nationality.

Only when these rules and protocols have been ratified by ten Governments, and three months have passed, will they come into force; and the laws of each country will need to be brought into line with them before they can be applied in relations between the various States.

The Conference has taken a step forward in international cooperation along lines not before attempted.

### CHIMES WITHOUT BELLS

Bell music will soon be heard from Tintagel Church tower, after 30 years of silence, and yet there will be no bells.

The cost of rehousing the bells promises to be too great, so it is proposed to install a large moving-coil loud-speaker to reproduce records of bell music. For some time a radio-gramophone system has been used within the church with success.

Goodbye, bellringers; goodbye, organist; and why not goodbye, preacher? As mechanisation proceeds the country parson will write no more sermons, and Dean Inge and the Rev. R. J. Campbell may make huge fortunes from the sale of gramophone records.

### THE THREE KINGS OF NEW ZEALAND

Forty miles from the coast of the most northerly part of New Zealand is a group of small uninhabited islands which Abel Tasman the Dutch explorer named the Three Kings when he discovered New Zealand in 1642.

Now comes the news that the New Zealand Government has proclaimed these islands a sanctuary for birds, making it an offence for anyone to harm the birds living there.

Tasman named the islands after the three kings of the East who came to Bethlehem at the birth of Jesus.

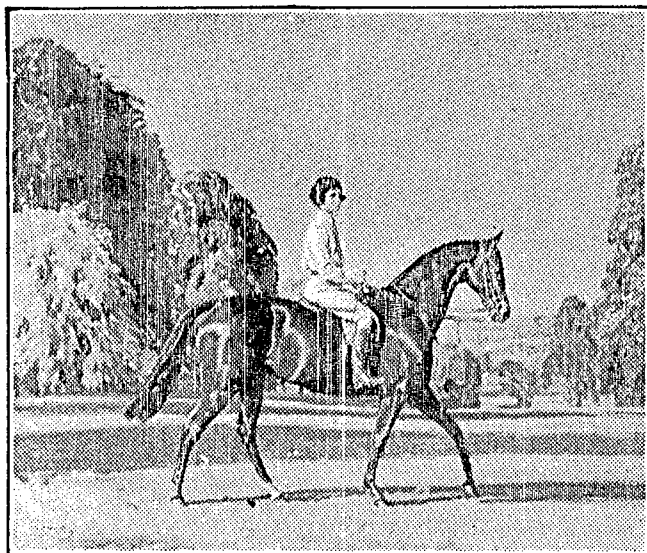


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# AEROPLANE IN THE SEA • LONDON'S WATER • OPEN-AIR PICTURE GALLERY



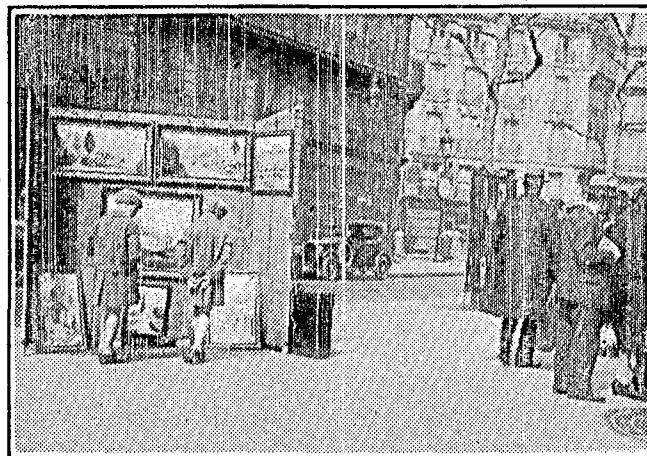
**An Academy Picture**—In this year's Royal Academy is this attractive picture of Miss Baron on horseback by A. J. Munnings, R.A. Copyright reserved for owner by Royal Academy Illustrated.



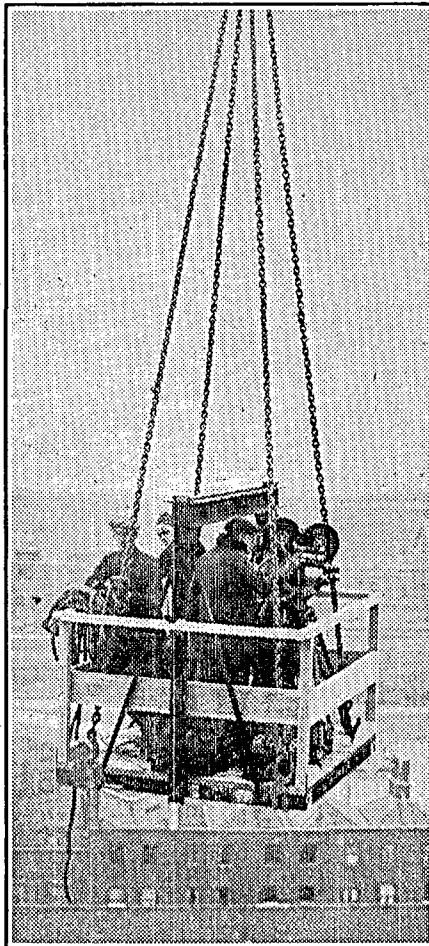
**A Big Ball**—Pushball is a spectacular game which so far has failed to become popular in England. Here is a game in progress in Ireland.



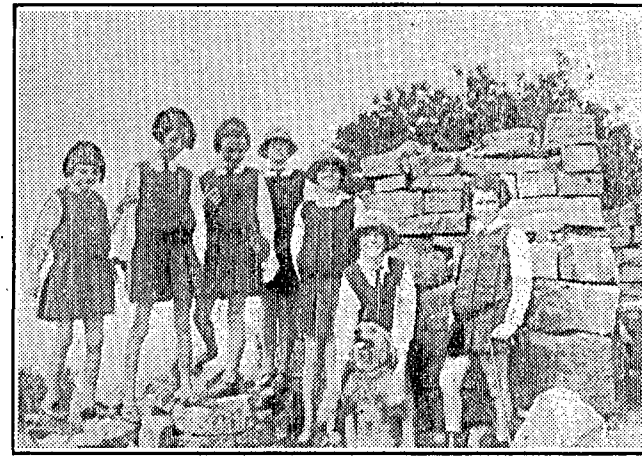
**Girl's Life Brigade Rally**—These jolly members of the Girl's Life Brigade had just inspected the Albert Memorial before attending their great rally at the Albert Hall in London this month.



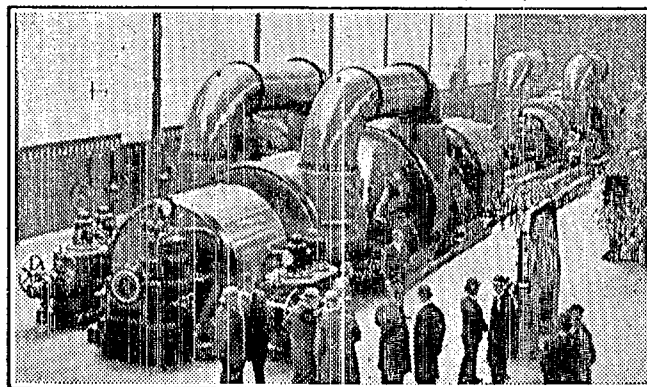
**The Open-Air Gallery**—Some Paris artists who cannot afford to hire exhibition halls have shows and sell their pictures in the open air on the boulevards as seen here. See page 12.



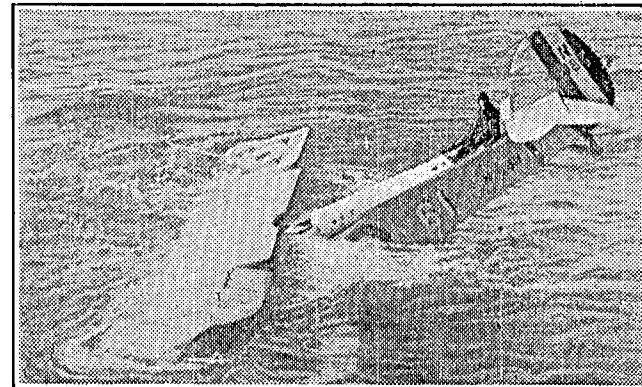
**Making a Talkie**—These men were hoisted by a crane to make a sound film of operations on the new Thames House at Millbank.



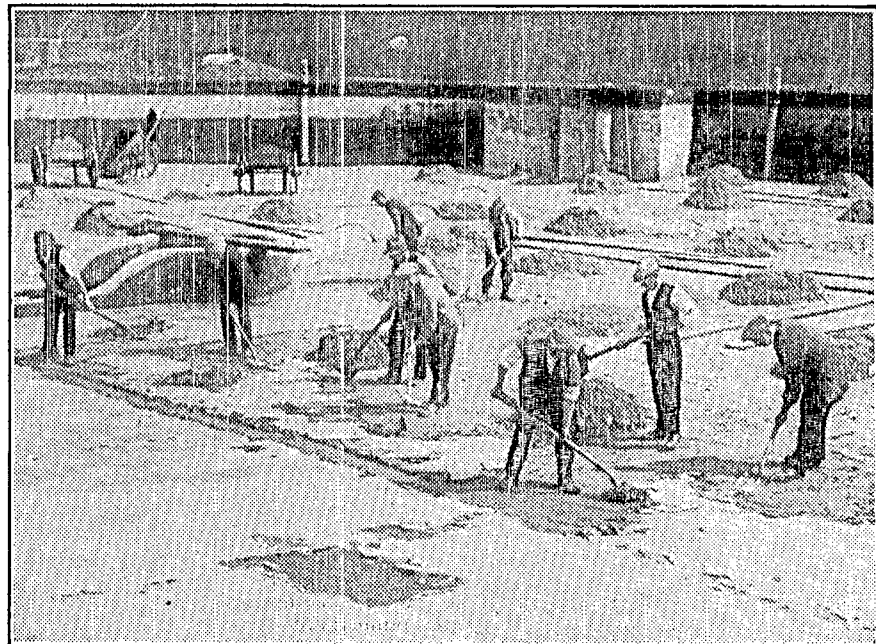
**We Are Seven**—Girls of British and Dutch parentage on Struben Kop, Pretoria, standing by a dismantled fort which fathers of three of the girls once helped to defend. See page 5.



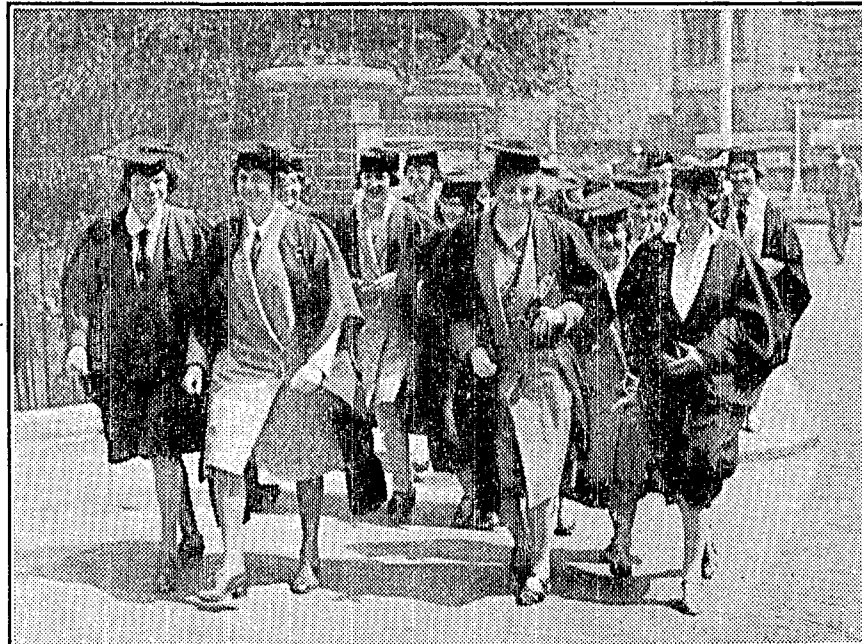
**Electrifying Scotland**—Here is a great turbine in the new extension of the Portobello Power Station in Edinburgh. This station links up East and West Scotland in the big electrification scheme.



**Waiting to Be Rescued**—When this R.A.F. plane made a forced descent in the Mediterranean Sea the pilot clambered along to the tail and coolly waited there till help came to him.



**Purifying London's Water**—One of London's many reservoirs is here seen being cleaned. The reservoirs are emptied for this purpose once every five or six weeks, a large body of men being employed. The Metropolitan Water Board serves an area of 574 square miles.



**Presentation of Degrees**—Presentation Day, when degrees are awarded, is one of the rare occasions on which students of London University are seen in caps and gowns. In this photograph we see a group of girl students on their way to a recent ceremony.



## THE LEAGUE AND THE FILMS

### GENEVA LOOKS INTO THEM

Why Not Make the Kinema Good and Safe For All?

### TAXING KNOWLEDGE

On an afternoon of last month anyone straying into Room C of the Secretariat at Geneva would have heard a League Committee talking about kinemas, films, and the children who go to see them.

A long account of the Educational Kinematograph Institute at Rome showed that something is certainly being done to ensure better films in the future for children. The difficulty seems to be that young people find that the films made specially for them are dull.

Who, then, is to make the pictures that shall be thrilling, interesting, and free from ugliness, vice, or silly sentimentality? The psychologist, the artist, and the producer were thought in Rome to be the three people concerned; but the delegate to the Child Welfare Committee of the League who represents Boy Scouts and Girl Guides, Dame Katharine Furse, suggested that mothers and teachers are more likely to know what children really like than psychologists, and that young social workers would understand the tastes of young people such as Scouts and Guides.

### French Support for the C.N.

The C.N. idea that all films in every country should be of non-inflammable material is another goal at which the Committee hopes to arrive some day not too far ahead. The difficulties in the way here, as pointed out by Mr Harris of our Home Office, our Government delegate, are the brittleness, difficulty in joining, poorer wearing quality, and higher cost of the Safety Film. All those used in England for home kinemas, under standard size, are of this safety make, but those in use at theatres are still dangerous and inflammable. The French delegate declared that the kinema industry would produce safety films if it had to do so, and that the business of the League Committee was to protect children and not to defend the interests of the industry.

### Freedom for Knowledge

One new piece of work which is being asked of the League of Nations is that it should approach all the League countries and persuade them not to tax educational films.

There is now, happily, a strong movement toward the making of really educational films on many subjects. More than 500 firms are engaged in this most useful business. But instead of these films being welcomed everywhere, because they bring knowledge that is needed, they are taxed by many countries to keep them out.

However advisable this may be with regard to sensational films that do not suit some countries, it surely is wrong to put high duties on films designed to give knowledge that is useful to all nations alike.

It is suggested that a Convention should be called by all the nations to arrange that films which give knowledge that is really useful, as regards education, health, and science should pass freely from land to land.

We hope this international freedom for knowledge that is good for all will before long be arranged by the League. It is sound, sensible, and economic.

### FRANCE AND ANIMAL LIFE

The Council of Justice to Animals, of which the Duchess of Portland is the president, has now established a branch at 131, Boulevard Saint-Michel in Paris.

There is great need for bringing the need for kindness to animals before the French people. It is a question they have generally regarded with unconcern.

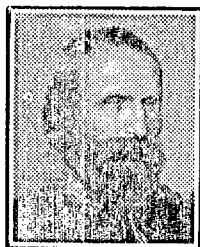
## A LIFE OF THE WEEK

### The Man Who Set Italy Free

On June 2, 1882, died Garibaldi.

Giuseppe Garibaldi, the Italian patriot and leader of irregular fighting men, was the most active agent in all warlike movements in favour of the union of Italy and one of the most daring adventurers in the story of the nations.

Joseph, as we should call him, was born at Nice, which then belonged to Italy on July 4, 1807. His father, a fisherman, wished him to be a priest, but he was determined to be a sailor, and by the time he was 22 he was second in command of a vessel. In the course of his voyaging he met the Italian



Garibaldi

patriot Mazzini and joined the Young Italy movement for the unification of Italy, which then was under several different Governments and partly occupied by the Austrians.

His first warlike attempt was to seize the arsenal at Genoa, but his scheme failed and he fled to France, and in his absence from Italy was sentenced to death. From France he went to South America and took part in a revolt against the Portuguese Emperor of Brazil. After fighting by land and sea he was captured, and for trying to escape was hung up by his wrists for two hours. His next adventure was the command of a flotilla belonging to Uruguay against Buenos Aires in a war which led in the end to Uruguayan independence.

### Sympathy of the People

Returning to Europe, he formed a Volunteer army and tried to hold the city of Rome as a Republic, but was chased out of the country by French, Italian, and Austrian armies. The Authorities generally were against him, but the people sympathised with him and helped him.

His next adventure was the most daring and successful of all. Sicily and Southern Italy were under the government of a Bourbon king, and the general wish of Italy was that the union of the whole peninsula should be effected under Victor Emmanuel, the king of Northern Italy and Sardinia. Victor Emmanuel did not want to proceed by open force against Southern Italy, where there were 40,000 regular troops of the Bourbon king; but Garibaldi, with whom lovers of liberty sympathised, especially the English, collected a thousand volunteers, landed in Sicily under the protection of British vessels, overran not only Sicily but the Kingdom of Naples, and finally entered Naples with Victor Emmanuel as the king.

### In the Evening of His Days

Italy was now united with the exception of Rome, and the chief object of Garibaldi had been secured. In the war of 1866, when Prussia and Austria were fighting and Italy joined in against Austria, Garibaldi was engaged against the Austrians and Venice was won back; but he was not satisfied. He made another attempt on Rome but was defeated by the French. Again he was allowed to retire to Caprera. In the war between France and Germany he was given a command by the French and elected to the first Parliament of the French Republic though, as a foreigner, he was not allowed to speak there. He was also elected to the Italian Parliament after Rome was included in the kingdom. In his later years he lived on the island of Caprera, and there he died.

Garibaldi was a man with few ideas tenaciously held. The love of liberty dominated him, and he knew of no way to liberty except war. He sought war wherever he thought liberty was at stake. He would take no rewards or honours for his services, and his bravery was a great inspiration to Italy.

## 800 YEARS OF CANTERBURY

Eight hundred years ago this May the original, central part of Canterbury Cathedral was finished.

Very few indeed are the works of man that have existed, and fulfilled the same use, throughout eight centuries; but this splendid fane, which has been nobly enlarged since that opening day, was then already ancient as a religious site.

In 1130 William of Corbeil was the 37th archbishop who had ruled in Canterbury since St Augustine arrived in Kent in 597 to become the first. The present archbishop is the 97th.

No other spot in England is so consecrated as this to the Christian faith by long and ceaseless use.

### When Augustine Arrived

Look at its past, beyond the cathedral. When Augustine and his companion missionaries arrived, sent by Gregory the Great, Christianity had been shattered in England by pagan Saxon invaders. It had had a considerable hold there, in a scattered way, under the tolerant rule of the Roman Empire. It was much more influential in Ireland, and was percolating from Ireland to South-Western Scotland and Northern England.

But it was unorganised and desultory in its movements. Augustine's settlement at Canterbury gave it a fixed base and a method of working. Queen Bertha, wife of Ethelbert, king of Kent, was a Christian, with a little church at Canterbury where St Martin's Church now stands, and soon her husband became Christian too. Kent was the first Christian English kingdom when London was pagan.

### Paulinus and Theodore

Augustine, however, did not Christianise England. He has a great name as a first-comer, but he was not a very bold or adventurous man. It was Paulinus who, helped by another Christian queen, carried Christianity afresh into the North; and it was Theodore, the seventh archbishop of Canterbury, a Greek of Tarsus, who spread an organising influence throughout England, established pastoral care, introduced learning, called together the first English Synod (673), and was perhaps, as Professor Trevelyan says, "the greatest Prince of the Church in all English history." He it was who gave Canterbury its English pre-eminence.

Other great archbishops followed at intervals—Dunstan, Lanfranc (who started in 1100 the building of the present cathedral), and Anselm—and continued the work. And so we come to the opening of the central parts of the cathedral 800 years ago, to which the nave and the great towers have been added during later centuries.

### A Deed That Shocked the World

It was in 1170, when Thomas Becket was the 39th archbishop, that the cathedral gained a name that rang round the whole of Christendom. That great Churchman, as was not uncommon with strong archbishops, proved a thorn in the flesh of his friend Henry the Second, who had made him archbishop, and when the king in a fit of passion exclaimed "Who will rid me of this turbulent priest?" four knights, who were with him in France, slipped away secretly, crossed to England, and brutally murdered the archbishop in the cathedral.

The horrible deed shocked the whole world, for a cathedral was then regarded as a sanctuary against all violence. Becket was canonised as a saint, and the Shrine to which his remains were removed, after being first buried in the crypt, became perhaps the most popular place of pilgrimage in the world. For centuries it was regarded as a place of miraculous healing.

The first great English poem, Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, written two centuries later, tells how such pilgrimages were made. On St Thomas's Day as many as 100,000 pilgrims are said to have been

## POOR CAGED ANIMALS

THINGS NOT TO DO AT THE ZOO

How Jack the Chimpanzee Gets His Own Back

### THE UMBRELLA GAME

By Our Zoo Correspondent

Teasing Zoo creatures by poking them with sticks and umbrellas or by any other means is a cruel and cowardly pastime, yet many inmates of the menagerie suffer considerably from this form of unkindness.

Fortunately some animals are intelligent enough to retaliate, and they are always surrounded by a large and appreciative crowd, for all enjoy the discomfort of the tormentor when his victim manages to be revenged. This is one reason why Jack, the largest of the chimpanzees, is so popular.

### Jack's Ammunition

One method has its pathetic side. Jack is very fond of raw eggs, so his friends often provide him with them. One day, just as he was about to settle down to dispose of a gift of two eggs by puncturing them and then sucking out the contents, someone poked him roughly with a stick. For a moment Jack hesitated; then anger overcame appetite, and he threw first one egg and then the other at the owner of the stick.

The ape's aim is good, and evidently the dismay of his enemy and the laughter of the onlookers compensated him for the loss of his favourite delicacy.

But as Jack does not always have an egg handy he has had to think of another method of disposing of ill-mannered visitors, and he soon discovered that balls of wet paper make excellent missiles. People frequently throw newspapers into his den. Jack tears them into strips, rolls them into balls, and then soaks them thoroughly in his water-trough. And he is cunning enough to make a store of ammunition during peaceful intervals.

### An Old Ruse

Like many Zoo apes, Jack loves umbrellas, and to gain these desirable articles he employs an old ruse. But here he takes advantage of kind-hearted visitors. He watches carefully until a likely victim approaches his den, then he pushes his hand a couple of inches through the bars and pretends that he is trying in vain to get a nut or a piece of fruit just out of reach. The visitor, feeling sorry for him, immediately pushes the fruit nearer to Jack with his umbrella, and a second later the umbrella has changed hands.

Yet, in spite of his longing to possess an umbrella, he will let go of one that has been offered in a mischievous spirit if by doing so he can once again make a tormentor look foolish. Sometimes a visitor will offer Jack an umbrella without the slightest intention of giving it to him, and as soon as Jack grasps it a tug-of-war begins. In this case, Jack pulls hard for a time and then lets go so suddenly that his tormentor falls.

Continued from the previous column

gathered in and around Canterbury, which then was a walled town only about half a mile square. The pilgrims came from all parts of Christendom.

For the hasty expression which had such terrible results King Henry had to do public penance. He was one of England's greatest kings, and in his dispute with Becket he was unquestionably right and Becket was wrong; but in his haste he produced one of history's greatest tragedies of temper.

The shrine of Thomas Becket was demolished in the reign of Henry the Eighth, but Canterbury is still a place of pilgrimage for all who feel the romance of the past.



## VENUS IN THE WESTERN SKY And the Worlds Beyond Neptune

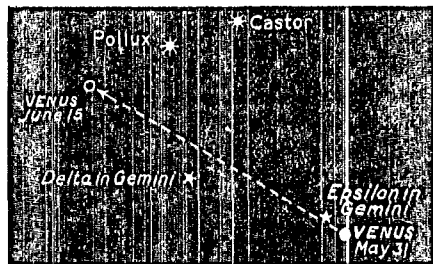
### IS THERE A SECOND NEW PLANET?

By the C.N. Astronomer

The splendid Venus, attended by the twin stars of Gemini, Castor and Pollux, makes the western sky particularly lovely on these late spring evenings.

They also add greatly to the interest that this part of the heavens has for astronomers, for Venus is now quite near to where the new trans-Neptunian world was discovered.

Now there are reasons for believing that yet another planet beyond Neptune,



The path of Venus

one nearer than the first, exists in this region. Photographic plates of a region of the sky almost exactly where Venus will be on the first two nights of June were taken at the Canadian Observatory at Ottawa in 1924, and it has been discovered that a faint and slowly-moving object, resembling a very distant world, has left its impression on those plates.

These were taken on February 7, 24, and 29 of that year, and the movements of this supposed world since suggest, according to an expert Greenwich astronomer, that it is at a distance of some 3,600,000,000 miles from the Sun, or nearly 40 times as far as the Earth is (Neptune is about 30 times as far, or 2,793,500,000 miles from the Sun).

We see, therefore, why this small area of the sky is so full of interest just now.

In the star-map the position of Venus is shown for May 31, when she appears below and to the right of the star Epsilon in Gemini; but Venus is travelling rapidly upward at the rate of about twice the Moon's apparent diameter a day, so her path is indicated by the broken line and arrow.

### A Problem for Astronomers

By June 7 she will be near the star Delta in Gemini, and about four times the Moon's apparent width to the right of it. Venus will then be close to the first discovered world beyond Neptune, which appears only a little way to the right of and below the star Delta in Gemini, so close, in fact, that if it were bright enough to be visible to the naked eye it could not be distinguished from the star. But it is well known that this far-off world can only be seen with the aid of the most powerful telescopes.

The supposed trans-Neptunian world No. 2 has not been rediscovered since it was photographed by chance six years ago; but as three photographs of it were taken then in three successive positions its situation now would probably be somewhere very near to, but slightly to the north of, Delta in Gemini, where the first world beyond Neptune was found.

It is a most singular thing that two worlds should thus have come to light, but much remains still to be found out. When its movement along its orbit has been watched for a few months longer and more exact trigonometrical measurements have been taken, when our Earth is at the other side of her orbit, it may be found that though apparently there are two worlds beyond Neptune they are one and the same. G. F. M.

## C. L. N. Spreading in the Dominions

Number of Members—16,422

A large number of the latest recruits of the C.L.N. are from Australia and South Africa. The children of these two Dominions seem to be having a neck-and-neck race to determine which country shall boast the largest number of members. Two other countries have supplied recruits during the past week, Argentina and Swaziland.

The South African League of Nations Society is anxious to encourage boys and girls in South Africa to join the Children's League of Nations and, as some of them find it difficult to send a money order or international coupon for 6d, an arrangement has been made with the South African Society whereby children can send 6d in South African stamps.

There are a number of Dutch and Japanese children who want to correspond with members. Members who would like to correspond with either a Dutch or Japanese child should write, sending a stamped and addressed envelope, to the Secretary at the address given below.

No town or village in the British Isles should be without its group of members of the C.L.N., who will form links in the chain of friendship with the boys and girls of every other land. How many members are there in your town or village? Make sure that there are some by not only joining yourself but getting your friends to join as well.

### How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed:



The C.L.N. Badge

C.L.N.,  
15, Grosvenor Crescent,  
London, S.W.1.

No letters should be sent to the C.N. office.

With each application for membership should be sent sixpence in stamps for the card and Badge. Please give your name and address, birthday and year, and the name of your school.

See Leading Article

### C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards; one question on each card, with name and address.

#### Where Are Newbegin and Jycliffe Towns Mentioned in a Novel?

Newbegin is a hamlet in the North Riding of Yorkshire near Whitby, but Jycliffe is no actual place.

#### What is the Origin of the Apple-Pie Bed?

Dr Brewer says this name for a bed in which the sheets are so folded that a person cannot get his legs down is either from the idea of an apple turnover or a corruption of the French *nappe pliée*, a folded sheet.

#### What is the Origin of the Broad Arrow?

It was the crest of Henry Sidney, Earl of Romney (1641-1704), Master-General of Ordnance in 1693, who used it as a mark to distinguish Government property. It is to be seen on the heraldic shields on the altar tomb of Sir William Sidney in the church at Penshurst.

#### Why Are Sounds of Bells Heard More Clearly at Certain Times?

It depends on the conditions. In foggy weather, for instance, the air is often very still and sound travels easily. When the sound is blowing toward the listener he hears more plainly than when it is blowing from him. Just before rain, too, the air is often very still, and then we hear distant sounds clearly.

#### Why Are the Lion and Unicorn Used in the British Arms?

The lion has been used as a royal emblem by many nations for many centuries. It seems to have been introduced into the English arms by Henry the First. The unicorn was first used as a supporter in the British Arms by James the First in 1603, but unicorns had been assumed by James the Fourth, who was slain at Flodden. They had long been a favourite supporter in Scottish heraldry.

## £60,000,000

### A SCHEME FOR SPENDING IT

#### Idea of a Canal Between the Atlantic and the Mediterranean A GIGANTIC FEAT

It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good. Since the recent flood disaster in Southern France the construction of a new £60,000,000 canal between the Atlantic and Mediterranean has been seriously considered.

This short cut from Bordeaux to the port of Narbonne would be large enough for the transit of sea-going vessels of nearly 6000 tons and it would make the journey between Ouessant and Malta 850 miles shorter. It is believed that half the fifty million tons of shipping which now pass through the Strait of Gibraltar would use this canal.

Transit through the canal, which is to be 280 miles long and 230 feet wide, would take some 40 hours for vessels moving at nine miles an hour. Every seven miles pools would be made to allow ships to pass one another.

#### A Seventeenth-Century Waterway

It was during the reign of Louis the Fourteenth that an engineer named Riquet worked out the plan for a canal to link up Certe with the Garonne at Toulouse, thus making a waterway across France. He gave nearly all his fortune toward the building of this Canal du Midi, but died two years before it was finished. In later years the Canal Latéral was cut alongside the shallow, swiftly-moving Garonne so that wine and other produce could be transported across France by water. But these canals are not large enough for sea-going vessels.

Commissions have come and commissions have gone during the last fifty years. The matter has been weighed and considered as undecided as if it were the Channel Tunnel. But this spring members of the Commission were sharply brought to reason by the great floods, which destroyed locks and put the existing canals out of action. Extensive repairs must now be made, and in any case the cut will be enlarged to make room for 600-ton motor-barges which could travel from Bordeaux through the Mediterranean and up the Rhône to the Rhine.

In all these schemes irrigation has been as important a consideration as navigation, for much valuable land in this district is often parched for lack of water. Last summer vineyards were destroyed by the drought and entire villages were abandoned.

#### Two Great Difficulties

Thus many benefits might be brought about by the proposed new waterway. Flood disasters would be prevented by the huge reservoirs built for the working of the canal. In emergencies these could be quickly emptied so that they could absorb the flood water.

Two great difficulties weigh down the many advantages of the great scheme. Except in abnormal seasons the district has not a large enough water supply to work the locks for the twenty passages a day needed, and for which more than two million cubic feet of water would be required. Then, at its highest point, the canal would have to climb 500 feet above sea-level even if a deep cutting were made in the rock.

These considerations are important factors in the fate of the scheme, which if accomplished would be one of the greatest engineering wonders of France.

#### To All Kind Homes

Please ask your Butcher  
to use the Humane Killer



## Healthy, Happy Children

CHILDREN need more nourishment than is obtainable from ordinary food if they are to be healthy and happy. They use up energy recklessly—and their energies can only be restored from nourishment. They are growing, physically and mentally, and nourishment is essential for healthy growth.

Give your children "Ovaltine" as their breakfast beverage and they will start the day with energy and vitality. Give them delicious "Ovaltine" also between meals and before going to bed. They will grow up with sound nerves, alert minds and healthy bodies. "Ovaltine" is prepared from Nature's best foods—malt, milk and eggs. The rich nourishment it contains is accurately adjusted to the needs of brain and body.

"Ovaltine" makes a delicious hot beverage. It will also be found most refreshing and invigorating as a cold drink.

There is no other food beverage that is comparable to delicious "Ovaltine." It is the cheapest in cost—the richest in nourishment—the most economical in use. No other food enjoys such an extensive medical recommendation or has such a world-wide sale.

# OVALTINE

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland,  
1/3, 2/- and 3/9 per tin.



**5,000 More sets now ready FREE!**

**Here's a fine new game!**

*Tell your friends ages by these magic cards*

Grown-ups can be reticent about their age, can't they? You will now be able to fathom their secret and mystify them, too.

With a set of magic Quaker cards you can work the oracle, simply by asking your friends, every time you hand them a card, whether the number they thought of is on it. Cut out and send in the coupon at once.

**Start the day right**

For breakfast — the first meal of the day — you need a food that gives abundant energy, vitality, stamina. Nothing can take the place of Quaker Oats — Nature's own delicious "energy" breakfast.

Quaker Oats is the ideal energy breakfast for hot days. It gives you plenty of energy to go through school time and recreation.

Quick Quaker ready in 3 or 4 minutes, makes the richest hot breakfast, the quickest and easiest to prepare.

**CUT OUT THIS COUPON**

To Quaker Oats Ltd., Dept. M.C.  
11 Finsbury Square, London, E.C.2

Please send me set of Quaker magic cards

Name.....

Address.....

Only one set of cards to each person. C.N. 31-5-30

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NEVER AND 12  
**Quick Quaker**  
KNOWN TO FAIL  
Give all-day energy

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**MODERN BOY**

At all Newsagents. Every Monday 2d.

Delicious  
**MAZAWATTEE TEA**

**CUT THIS OUT**

CHILDREN'S PEN COUPON VALUE 3d.  
Send 5 of these coupons with only 2/6 (and 2d. stamp) direct to the **FLEET PEN CO.**, 119, Fleet Street, E.C.4. By return you will receive a handsome Lever Self-Filling **FLEET S.F. PEN** with Solid Gold Nib (Fine, Medium, or Broad), usually 10/6. Fleet price 4/6, or with 5 coupons only 2/6. De Luxe Model, 2/- extra.

## AN OLD FRIEND LOOKS BACK

### A Last Talk With T. E. Brown

The centenary of Thomas Edward Brown, the Manx poet to whom we referred the other day, has brought us a letter from a C.N. reader, Mr J. G. Edwards, who was at school in Gloucester when Brown was master there—at the Crypt Grammar School, not the Cathedral School as we wrongly stated.

The centenary has also brought a most interesting appreciation of Brown from one of his old friends, Canon J. M. Wilson, who is still living at 94, and has sent an account of Brown to The Times.

We give ourselves the pleasure of quoting these passages from Canon Wilson's memories.

In his visits to my wife and me after his retirement the old intimate friendship of youth, deeply rooted, soon came back, and was unlike any other friendship. May I recall a conversation with him in November, 1896?

### The Highest Call in His Life

We were both then feeling old, 34 years ago, and our talk one evening turned to death and realities. I then learned fully that he was one of the few who felt their feet firmly planted on a rock; the rock of an intimate and direct communing between Nature, his own soul, and God. To convey some conception of this communing, and thus to interpret to others their own vague and speechless moods and longings, seemed to him the highest call in his life.

We passed on to speak of prayer. Could prayer be ever again what it had been to our forefathers, before the immensities of Creation in space and time, and laws of Nature and evolution, had been at all realised?

He was silent for some time. Of late, he said, he had quieted this staggering thought by another. There was not the slightest use in trying to minimise or ignore the revelation through science of the infinity of God. You might as well resolutely shut your eyes some morning as a protest against the impiety of daylight. Men must, and would continue to, pray.

### A Child of God

The remedy that he saw was to raise our thoughts of man in proportion. Man was not a transient atom in an infinite Universe, as science seemed now to say. Christ had come, and had taught a fraction of us that man was the child, the heir, the actual inheritor of God. He was not only a living miracle of exhaustless perfection in body, mind, and soul, but he was on a higher plane than he yet knew. It was a matter of proportion. Pray not as a midget, not as a perishing unit of poor passing humanity, but as God's own child. Forget His omnipotence; we can't understand it. Pray to Him as a loving Father.

This was the substance of my last talk with Brown.

He died within a year.

A Wimbledon fishmonger found two small spoons inside a codfish.

Bournemouth has bought the famous point of the cliffs near Southbourne known as Hengistbury Head.

A tin of soup opened in London 40 years after it had been filled was found to be perfectly wholesome.

### India's Woman Ruler

The good Dowager Begum of Bhopal, India's only woman ruler in her own right, has died at Bhopal in her 72nd year. She is deeply mourned.

### A Submarine Record

A cruise of 7000 miles has been completed by two Italian submarines during which one of them created a record by remaining submerged 36 hours.

### A Life Saved by Wireless

A surgeon of a Dutch liner has saved the life of the chief officer of another ship by giving advice for appendicitis treatment for five days over a distance of 500 miles.

## A SCOUT WINDOW

### Coming-of-Age Offering

In Nottingham's noblest church, St Mary's, a stained-glass window has just been unveiled which testifies to the aims, the ideals, and the strength of the Boy Scout Movement.

It was presented to the church by the District Commissioner of the Scouts, Mr J. A. Simpson, as a thankoffering for the coming-of-age of the movement. It is a splendid thing to see these young Crusaders thus commemorated.

In some ways such a memorial is unique. The Boy Scout Movement is itself unique. It does not become less so because out of it sprang the association of the Girl Guides, almost as far-reaching.

Only 21 years ago the Chief Scout told a rather doubting world of his idea of training boys to train themselves to be good Scouts, good friends, good citizens; and now there are three million boys and girls all over the world following the way of the first pathfinder.

Last year the Girl Guides alone increased their membership by 95,000. There are now 518,000 of them in the British Isles, 106,000 in the Oversea Dominions and Colonies, and 269,000 in foreign countries.

What a great tree has sprung from that first planting! What a widespread sense of brotherhood has arisen from the movement's first principles!

The stained-glass window in St Mary's Church declares them.

## THE OPEN-AIR GALLERY

### Pictures On the Paris Pavements

A group of enterprising Paris artists, unable to pay the high prices demanded for exhibition halls, solve their difficulty by setting up a portable exhibition of their own on the wide pavement under the boulevard trees.

Spring and autumn see a week-end of such open-air shows with the artists themselves, or members of their families, acting as showmen and salesmen.

The public stroll by, taking their time to study the pictures, and if one of them attracts them enough they buy it and carry it away with no more formality than if they were buying a bundle of vegetables; and the money goes direct to the artist's pocket undiminished by high commissions and tips. The artists in the Boulevard Raspail call themselves ironically La Horde de Montparnasse and their show Le Marché aux Navets. *Picture on page 9*

## PARCELS BY WIRE

### Stories of the Early Days

We still hear of people who are afraid of the telephone, or who have not yet listened-in; but this is not so strange as the things Mr Henry Lister of Leamington can remember.

Mr Lister is a hundred years old, and was for many years a railway telegraphist. He remembers the awe with which some people regarded the telegraph in its early days.

It was common, he says, for parcels to be brought to the office for dispatch, and he even remembers somebody asking that a washing machine should be sent by telegraph!

### THE BEST THINGS

Although perhaps not in entire agreement, we like the choice of Dr James, the Provost of Eton, who in a speech said the best things in life are not:

Cars, Wireless, Racing, Flying, League Matches, or the pursuit of Wealth;

but

The Bible, Homer, Shakespeare, Handel and Dickens, the Elgin Marbles, Salisbury Cathedral, the Open Country, the Sea and the Stars, the Knowledge that all these might be made to disclose, and Honest Games which are played and not merely looked at.



# CANNIBAL ISLAND

Serial Story by  
T. C. Bridges

## CHAPTER 19

### Chased Again

THE night passed quietly enough and not uncomfortably, but day had hardly broken before Parami had them out.

"We look for boat," he said, and Don agreed. The island was only a few miles round and they decided that the only way to find the boat was to make a complete circle of it, so they went back to where they had left off the previous night and followed round the coast. At first they saw no one, but they had not gone far before Parami pulled up.

"Someone come," he said. "I tink we hide in rushes."

Neither Don nor Jim had heard anything, but they knew too well to neglect the warning. All three crept into the tall rushes and lay flat. A slight crackling sound came to their ears. It seemed as if someone were pushing through the dry reeds. Suddenly Parami went tense. He was sniffing the air like a dog.

"I smell smoke," he muttered.

"Smoke," repeated Jim. "Yes, so do I." The crackling had changed to a sharp snapping and suddenly a pungent cloud of smoke blew down upon them.

"What's up?" asked Jim.

"Him crazy fellow put fire in dem reeds," replied Parami.

The reed bed was well alight. There was no doubt about that, and the wind, though light, was carrying the flames straight down upon them.

"This is about the limit," snapped Jim.

"It will be a bit beyond the limit if we stay here," said Don. "We have to go; and sharp about it."

"But that's just what the crazy fellow wants us to do," replied Jim. "And then he'll be waiting for us with that old scatter gun."

"Not if we're quick," said Don. "We can go straight ahead through the reeds while he must go round."

But it was hot work and hard work forcing a way through those tall, stiff reeds. Jim for one was precious glad when they began to thin and he found himself on more open ground. He stopped.

"Where do we go now?" he asked of Parami.

"We go beach," replied Parami, and as this seemed as good a plan as any they hurried straight on until they came to the edge of a low bluff and saw sand beneath them and, beyond that, the sea. By this time the reed bed was blazing like a young volcano, and smoke was hanging in a great cloud far out over the blue water.

"He can't see us anyhow," said Jim.

"What shall we do now?"

"What's your notion?" Don asked of Parami. Parami pointed to the left. "We go up beach, Captain. Fire, him stop man coming that way." He was right, for the reed bed stretched farther to the left than to the right, so it seemed plain that the man with the gun would take the shorter cut. They hurried on, keeping close under the bluff. The sun was well up now and it was very hot while the glare from the white sand was blinding. They had had no breakfast, they were hungry and thirsty, and Jim was beginning to feel decidedly annoyed.

"Hang it all, Don," he grumbled, "we can't spend the rest of our lives running away from this lunatic. What are we going to do about it?"

"If you can tell me I'll be glad," said Don dryly. "Myself, I'd sooner run than get peppered with bird shot."

"I don't believe he's chasing us," vowed Don.

"Him chase us now," said Parami. "You look, little master. Him after us sure nough." Jim glanced back over his shoulder, and gasped. Parami was right, for less than a quarter of a mile behind a tall, gaunt man raced after them. His gun swung at the end of one long arm, and his strides devoured the ground at a great pace.

Jim forgot all about his resolution to stop running and sprinted like a hare. A little way ahead the beach curved to the left around a low headland. The three running hard passed this and for the moment were out of sight of their pursuer. Suddenly Parami checked his pace.

"Him cave," he said quickly, and pointed to a narrow fissure in the face of the bluff which rose here to a height of forty feet.

"Good business!" panted Jim, and he, Don, and Parami all made for the opening. The mouth was ten or twelve feet above the beach, but it was easy enough to scramble up, and they dived into the welcome shade. It was quite a small place but there was room for them all, and the

best of it was that the floor dipped inward so that when they lay flat they could not be seen from outside. They were hardly hidden before the long man came round the point. He seemed to be running as fast as ever, and he still clung to his gun.

He stopped a moment as if he were surprised that his quarry was no longer in view, but the beach curved again a few hundred yards farther on and he seemed to think that the men he hunted so vigorously were out of sight round the bend. At any rate he kept straight on. Jim heaved a sigh of relief.

"That's all right," he whispered. "It gives us a chance to get our wind back."

"That's about all," said Don, "for as soon as he gets round the next bend and finds we're not within sight he'll smell a rat and come back. Our only chance is to catch the fellow," he said gravely, "catch him without hurting him if we can, but catch him anyhow. As it is, we're wasting a lot of valuable time."

Jim glanced out at the sea which lay almost as smooth as a pond.

"There's no wind yet," he said. "I shouldn't think the schooners have got far since we saw them yesterday." He broke off sharply. "What's that?" A shout had come from the far side of the next point around which their enemy had disappeared. It was a strange, high-pitched cry, full of terror. A moment later it came again.

"Him man scared," said Parami quickly.

"I tink we go help," Don hesitated.

"Yes; but what's got him? There are no wild beasts on this island."

"Help!" Now there was no doubt about the urgency of the cry. Don delayed no longer. He scrambled down the bluff and the other followed. As they rounded the point they found themselves on the edge of a little inlet into which ran a tiny brook which came down from the heights of the mountain above. The brook had cut itself a shallow channel through the sand, but there was hardly any water in this channel. In the middle of it was the long man up to his waist. At that moment he shouted again, a cry full of terror.

Jim started to run forward, but Parami caught him by the arm. "You no go there," he exclaimed warningly. "It quicksand."

Jim turned a horrified face to his brother. "How are we to get him out?"

## CHAPTER 20

Mark Weldon's Secret

"I know," said the ever-ready Parami, and darted up the beach to a spot where some bushes grew. By main force he tore off branches until he had a great armful. Don and Jim, seeing what he was about, ran to his help, and soon each had a big faggot. Carrying these, they ran down to the spot where the tall man was stuck.

By this time he had seen them, and, realising that they were going to help him, had ceased struggling. He had laid his gun crossways in front of him, and by putting part of his weight on it had checked the rate at which he was sinking. Yet he was still going down, and now was in the horrid stuff half way up his chest.

Parami went first, testing the sand at each step with his bare feet. The moment he found that he was sinking he flung down his bundle of branches. These gave him fresh foothold and he called to Don and Jim to throw him theirs. With these he made a sort of platform over which he was able to crawl and so reach the sinking man. The poor fellow was quiet enough now. He seemed to be almost insensible, for his eyes were closed and his sunburned face had gone a sickly yellow.

Parami got hold of him and tried to move him, but the man was fast in the sticky mess. Parami tucked branches under his arms to keep him from going deeper and crawled back.

"We want rope," he announced.

"Rope," repeated Jim. "Where on earth can we get it?"

Parami pointed to Jim's sheath-knife. "You lend him. I get rope."

Jim had not the faintest idea what Parami meant, but he had such complete faith in the man that he at once passed over the knife. Parami went off at full speed up the inlet. He was away about a quarter of an hour and came back dragging a great length of liana, the stem of a creeper tough and thick as a two-inch rope. He was panting, but the anxious look left his face as he saw that the long man had not sunk much farther.

Still dragging the bush rope, he crawled out again and fastened it round the victim's

Continued on the next page

## Planning their summer holidays yet?

Dear C.N. Readers,

You remember my letter to you in last week's paper, don't you? I asked you, then, whether you had begun thinking about your summer holidays yet, told you about the large number of very poor boys and girls for whom I am arranging holidays this summer, and asked for your help in the matter.

Have you sent me your answer yet, showing that you are planning someone else's holiday as well as your own? If you have sent, thank you! If you have not sent you will do so soon, won't you, and have the happiness of giving happiness to others?

### The Tragedy of the Boy Who Could Not Go.



NO TICKETS LEFT. HOPING TO THE LAST. VISIONS OF WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN. DESPAIR!

15,000 children from the slums will have a day's holiday by the sea, or in the country, at a cost of 2/- each.

500 to 600 of the more sickly and delicate will have a fortnight in a Holiday Home. The cost is 30/- for each invalid.

Stepney is the poorest and most densely populated district in the whole of London. The overcrowding is terrible. So is the poverty among its population of nearly a quarter of a million people. The need is very great; do let your reply be very generous, and address the envelope containing your gift to

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EAST END MISSION,

Commercial Road, Stepney, London, E.1.

Any sum will be gratefully acknowledged.

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The June issue of LITTLE FOLKS offers a special treat for the Whitsun Holidays. It is packed with delightful stories and interesting features which will give you many happy hours of reading. There is, for instance, a thrilling long complete story

### JILLY'S FAG

By Frances Cowen

also a Secret Treasure Story

### THE ISLE OF FORTUNE

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## PHOTOGRAPHERS

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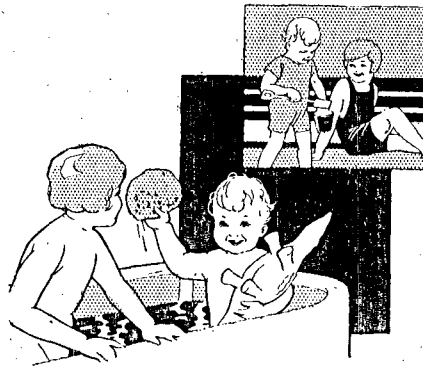
**'TANCOL'**

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DEVELOPER

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## THE KIDDIES GO PADDLING TO-DAY-UP IN THE BATHROOM

It's "paddling day" for the kiddies—up in the bathroom with Tidman's. They're splashing about in real sea water, and you can trust their young minds to make it "a real sea," with the tide, rolling up the beach. Tidman's is so invigorating, so energising, so good for growing limbs, and those adult limbs that won't grow any more. Strengthening, too, and refreshing—a positive relief for burning feet, rheumatism, and stiffness. Try a course of real sea baths with Tidman's—it's nearly as enjoyable as going to the coast.

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The most wholesome beverage known to modern medical science. Made of Nuts, Vitamins A, B and D (Sunshine) full-cream malt extract, and other valuable nourishments.

Hundreds of testimonials similar to this:—

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"I feel I ought to let you know how we have benefited from NUTRAVITE. I was completely run-down after having nursed baby so long, and it picked me up wonderfully. Baby also was much better for the extra nourishment. I have to keep an eye on the children as they simply love it, and whenever they get the chance they are at the tin eating NUTRAVITE by spoonfuls."—Mrs. M.  
Made in a second. No mess. No bother.

Delicious chocolate flavour. Children love it. Cost less than 1d. per cup.

In tins 1/3, 3/- and 5/- at chemists. Send postcard for free sample.

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**KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES**, 1 lb. 5/6, 3 lbs. 10/9. Excellent for Children's Garments, etc. White, 3/10 lb. Superior Mixtures, 4/11 lb., post free. PURE WOOL SERGES from 2/11 to 27/11 yd. Reliable Tweeds, Flannels, Cottons, Tailoring, etc. Patterns sent with pleasure.

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WELLINGTON, SOMERSET, ENGLAND.

body, then he came back to firm ground and the three started pulling. Slowly and gradually they dragged the unfortunate man out of the sand that had so nearly been his tomb, and then they carried him into the shade and laid him down.

The fellow was shaggy, wild-eyed, and unkempt, yet his features were good, and it was quite clear that he was not one of the sea tramps they call beachcombers who infest the beautiful islands of the South Seas.

"Feeling better?" asked Don.

The man did not answer, but still stared fiercely. "I don't like the look of him," said Jim in a low voice.

"He's harmless enough," Don replied.

Although Don spoke in a whisper the other caught what he said.

"Harmless," he repeated bitterly. "Yes, for my gun's gone. And now what are you going to do with me?" He set his teeth. "You can cut me in pieces, but you'll never get the secret from my lips."

"I haven't the least desire to cut you in pieces," replied Don. "And as for your secret, all I want to know from you is why you smashed up our canoes and tried to murder us with that old gun of yours?"

A look of intense surprise crossed the long man's face, and his pale blue eyes seemed to bore into Don's.

"Aren't you Gabe Paran's gang?" he asked at last.

"I never heard of the gentleman," Don told him. "My name is Donald Dysart, this is my brother Jim, and the native is our very good friend Parami."

The other still gazed up at Don.

"How do you come here?" he asked, and Don told him. He did not, of course, give the whole story and he said nothing about the red pearls. When he mentioned Jansen the long man woke up in earnest. His pale eyes gleamed with a fierce light.

"That brute!" he exclaimed. "He's in with Gabe Paran. Those two are birds of a feather." He chuckled harshly. "So he fooled you too, and stole your schooner. I don't wonder. He's fooled older and cleverer men than you." He paused. "And what are you going to do about it?"

"We were chasing him when you smashed our canoes," put in Jim sharply.

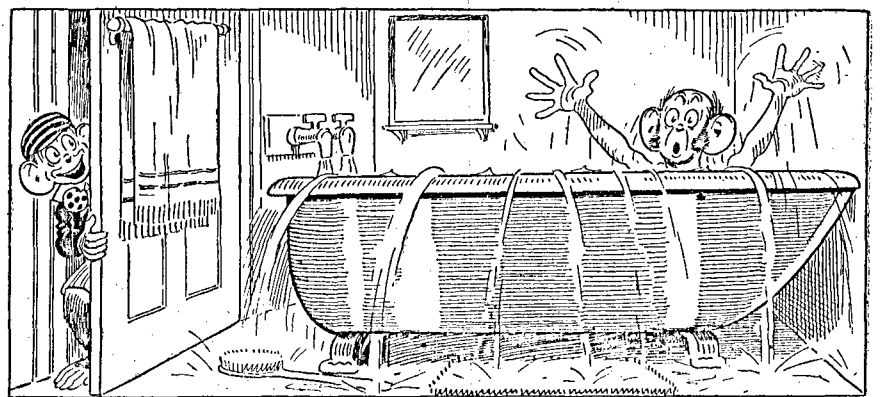
"How would I know they were yours? I thought they belonged to Paran's gang."

## JACKO HELPS HIS MOTHER

JACKO had great ideas of making himself useful—especially at spring-cleaning time.

"Want any help, Mater?" he asked one morning when his mother seemed unusually harassed.

"No, thank you," she said. "Run away, dear, and don't bother me; I'm expecting the painter."



"What's the matter, Dad?" cried Jacko

"Coo!" exclaimed Jacko. "Is he going to paint the house?"

"No; only the bath."

And then she pushed him firmly out of the room.

Jacko went off, feeling that his mother's extravagance ought to be checked. "Fancy paying a man to do a simple job like that," he thought.

He was going out of the gate as the painter came in.

"Mater's waiting for you," remarked Jacko pleasantly.

"I've just called to say I can't come today," said the painter. "Perhaps you'll tell her."

"No fear!" replied Jacko with a grin. "Tell her yourself."

He's been after me this long time, trying to get my— He stopped short and the look of suspicion came back into his eyes.

"Your gold," said Don. "You needn't be afraid," he added a little scornfully. "We don't want your gold. We want our schooner and the pearls that Jansen has stolen from us."

The other looked suddenly ashamed.

"You're all right," he said gruffly. "I can see that now. But you must forgive me. Here I've been for weeks fighting that brute, single-handed. You can't blame me if I'm on edge." He stopped again. "See here," he went on after a moment's thought. "My name's Weldon, Mark Weldon. You'd better come along to my place and have a bite of food, and we'll talk things over."

"We'll be glad to, Mr Weldon," said Don frankly. "But the one thing we don't want to waste is time. The schooners were still in sight last night. If you have a launch we might catch up with them and retake the Dolphin."

Weldon shook his head.

"I've got nothing but an old sail boat. But see here. You fellows help me and I'll help you. Help me to get my gold away; we'll take it across to Thursday Island, use some of it to hire a fast launch, and then we'll go out and wipe up the whole of this gang."

He rose stiffly and started away.

At first he moved slowly, but soon he seemed to limber up, and quickened his pace. He took them straight back to the inlet where they had first landed and beyond that plunged into thick bush.

"This way," he said, and they followed him into the most curious place they had ever seen. It was a circular cave about thirty feet across. Light came from a small hole in the dome and roof, showing walls which resembled black glass, and a flat floor. Jim stared. "Who made this?" he demanded.

Weldon chuckled. "The volcano," he answered. "It's a lava bubble. Not a bad treasure house." He pointed as he spoke to six small sacks standing against the wall. Each was full to the brim with what looked like fine yellow gravel, but which even Jim could see was gold.

TO BE CONTINUED.



A good breakfast of Shredded Wheat keeps you fit for your daily work

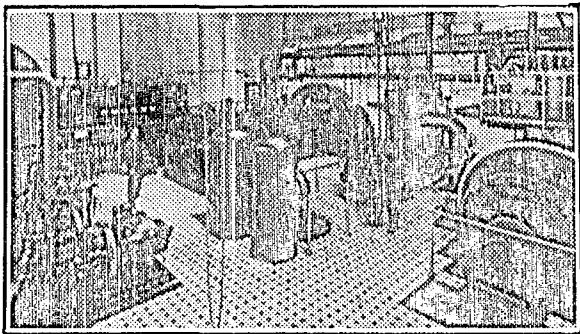
**SHREDDED WHEAT**

BRITONS MAKE IT—IT MAKES BRITONS



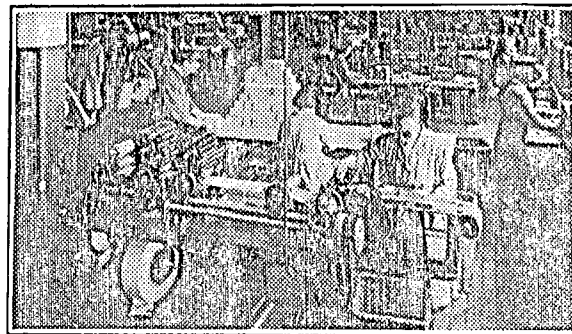
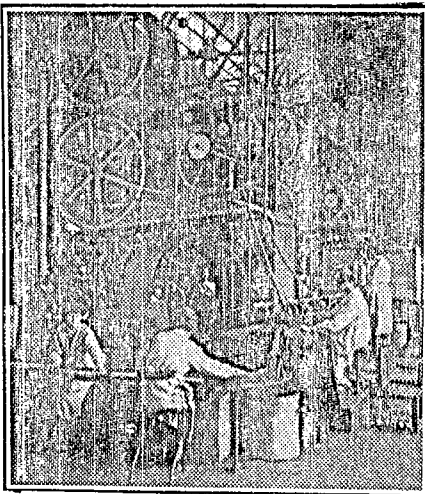
# Fun among the Matches

## THE ROMANCE OF MATCH MAKING



**THE POWER HOUSE IN ONE OF THE FACTORIES.**

The Gas Engines are driven by waste wood fuel gas entirely.



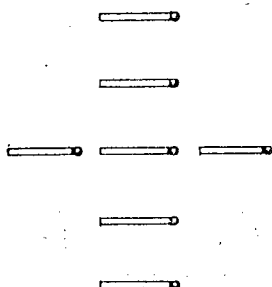
**THE PRINTING DEPARTMENT.**

**Left.—THE MATCH ROOM.**  
This is where the matches are paraffined, get their "heads," dried and boxed.

## The "BRYMAY" MATCH PUZZLE SERIES. SET NO 4.

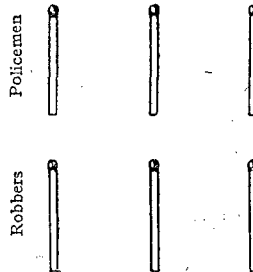
### Puzzle No. 19.

Arrange 7 matches as shown. Move 2 matches only and place them so that the 7 matches count 5 vertically and horizontally.



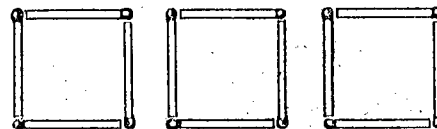
### Puzzle No. 20.

3 policemen and 3 robbers want to cross a river and there is only 1 boat, holding 2 persons. The policemen must not be outnumbered by the robbers on either bank or the other. How do they arrange the crossing so that someone brings the boat back each time? The robbers cannot run away as the policemen have guns.



### Puzzle No. 21.

Form three squares with 12 matches. Take 1 match away, alter position of two and leave only 1.

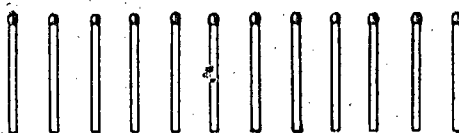


### Puzzle No. 22.

Make 2 equal triangular and 3 diamond shapes with 12 matches.

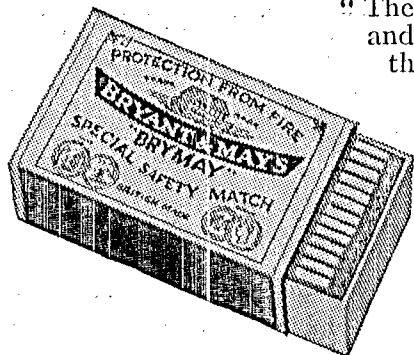
### Puzzle No. 23.

What makes a good match? Use 12 matches for this puzzle.

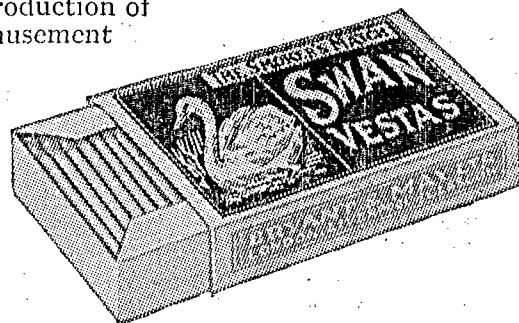


### Puzzle No. 24.

Have, say, 100 matches and agree with someone to take alternately from the heap any number not exceeding ten. The trick is to have the last match or matches whatever your opponent may do.



The solutions to this set of puzzles will appear in next week's issue of "The Children's Newspaper." This set completes the present series, and Messrs. Bryant & May, Ltd., hope that by the introduction of these little problems they have brought both amusement and interest to the readers of "The Children's Newspaper." In order that a permanent record of the puzzles may be secured to those who desire to have them, a booklet entitled "THE BRYMAY PUZZLE BOOK" is available, which may be had without charge, and post paid, upon application to Messrs. Bryant & May, Ltd., C.N. Booklet Dept., Bow, London, E.3.



## BRYANT & MAY'S MATCHES—BRITISH & BEST



The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s. a year. See below.

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

May 31, 1930

Every Thursday, 2d.

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s. 6d. a year. (Canada 14s.)

## THE BRAN TUB

### A Watch Problem

As I was passing Big Ben at ten o'clock on Tuesday morning I looked at my watch and saw that it was two minutes slow. On Wednesday afternoon at two o'clock I came that way again and found that my watch was a minute fast.

At what time was it right?

Answer next week

### Do You Live at Tilbury?

The name is spelled in the old chronicles Tilaburh and the meaning is the fort of Tila. No doubt there stood here originally a fortified settlement presided over by some chieftain of the name of Tila and later a town grew up round the fort.

### A Charade

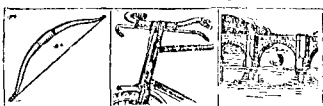
My first is a little word  
Of letters only three,  
Sentences to correct  
That seem to disagree.

My second a certain weight;  
A kind of cave my third,  
Yet sometimes in a stocking  
Tis found so I have heard.

My whole alone is worthless  
And you'll find it useful quite  
If to my first and second  
You make my whole unite.

Answer next week

### Ici On Parle Français



Un arc Le frein Le pont

L'archer a un arc et des flèches.  
Le frein sert à arrêter un vélo.  
Un beau pont traverse la rivière.

### Hidden Word Square

In each of the following couplets a word is hidden. When the five words have been found and placed one below the other they will form a word square.

You've taken cold I plainly see  
So sip a nice hot cup of tea.

The first thing that one ought to do  
Is to get heated through and through.

No made-up medicines for me,  
Just bed and sleep, no doctor's fee.

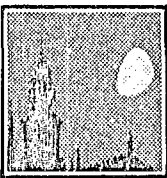
And by tomorrow you will say  
I've cured you in an easy way.

Your face describes your state so well,  
Your aches there is no need to tell.

Answer next week

### Other Worlds Next Week

In the morning the planet Saturn is in the South and Mars is in the East. In the evening Neptune is in the South-West and Venus is in the North-West. Our picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 10 p.m. on June 4.



### Countries in Anagram

REARRANGE the letters in italics in each of the following sentences to form the missing name of a country.

Sam, I went to ————  
In ———— I slew a fox.  
I have rarely seen dark men in

We found a large red nail in  
Be wary on the ice in ————

### Facts

A FOOT of snow is, roughly, equal to an inch of rain.

Every year 650 tons of soot fall on each square mile of London.

The swift is the world's fastest bird and sometimes flies at two hundred miles an hour.

One pound of cork is sufficient to keep a man afloat.

### An Enigma

I'm often ignorant and weak,  
I sometimes am afraid to speak;  
More knowledge is the goal I seek  
But I'm the pathway to man's sight,  
I am the doorway of the light;  
I make men see the just and right.

Answer next week

### The Common Blue Butterfly

DURING late May and early June the common blue butterfly is particularly plentiful throughout the British Isles, although it is seen all through the summer months and sometimes even as late as October.

The caterpillars, which are a yellowish-green colour, may frequently be found feeding on wild strawberry, broom, plantain, yarrow, and clover. The chrysalis into which the caterpillar turns toward the end of July is a shiny greenish-brown.

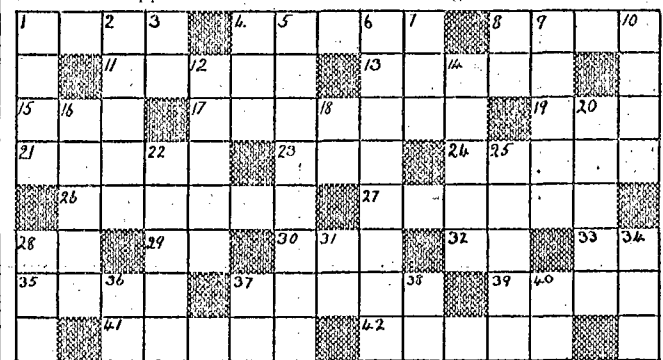
### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Walking and Riding 40 minutes  
Squares and Circles PTARMIGAN  
erriovlbo Terrible  
tiavnoai Elegance  
ALBATROSS Numerous  
lislymee Telegram

A Word Square  
HEMP Plum-age  
EVIL A Beheaded Word  
MIRE Prelate, relate,  
PLEA elate, late, ate.

### The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 47 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues which appear below. The answer will be given next week.



Reading Across. 1. A metal. 4. Portions. 8. Requests. 11. Red-breast. 13. Method of cooking. 15. Piece of timber. 17. Merciful. 19. Finish. 21. Rub out. 23. Poem. 24. Kind of iris. 26. Complete. 27. Faculty. 28. Pronoun. 29. Preposition. 30. Fuss. 32. Note in musical scale. 33. With reference to.\* 35. Tear. 37. Arrests. 39. Ship's company. 41. Intelligence. 42. Old sailors.

Reading Down. 1. Island. 2. Musical instrument. 3. Refusal. 4. Pasty. 5. Make notes. 6. Highest branches. 7. Male relative. 8. In the same degree. 9. Severe. 10. Froth. 12. Cry of sheep. 14. Coral island. 16. Kind of window. 18. The same.\* 20. Saltpetre. 22. Condition. 25. Respond. 28. Compass point.\* 31. Act. 34. Female sheep. 36. Exists. 37. Steamship.\* 38. South Africa.\* 40. Rupees.\*

## DR. MERRYMAN

### The Same Opportunities

FATHER was very disappointed; he was also inclined to be angry.

"Jack," he said, "I see from your report that you are again at the bottom of the class."

"Never mind, Father," said Jack. "They teach the same thing at both ends."

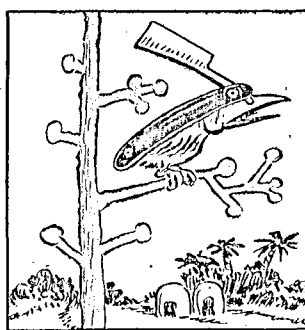
### Honours Even

THE young man was inspecting his seaside apartments.

"I'm afraid this is hardly what I expected from your advertisement," he remarked.

"Is that so?" said the landlady. "And I'm afraid you are hardly the gentleman I expected from your letter."

### The Razor-Crest



THE Razor-Crest if tamed won't bite

Its owner's finger, but if he attempts to scratch its pole He'll maybe get a cut.

### Tempting the Fish

THE village simpleton was one day seen fishing by the rector.

"Good morning, Sammy," said the rector. "Why do you use an apple as bait? You should use a worm."

"But, sir," protested Sammy, "the worm is in the apple."

### Something to be Thankful For

THE customer was tired of waiting. He stopped the waiter, who was about to pass by.

"I say," he said, "I suppose I can sit here until I starve?"

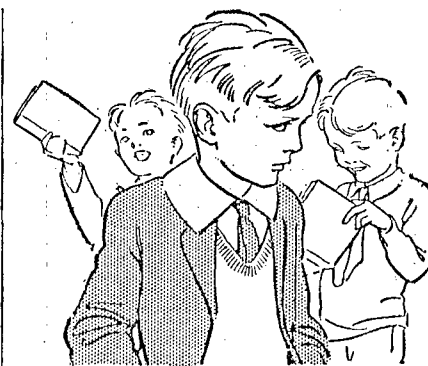
"I'm sorry, sir; but you cannot," replied the waiter. "We close at eleven."

### The Chatterbox

THE doctor was telling a lady how to take her small son's temperature.

"Place the thermometer under Peter's tongue and get him to keep his mouth closed for two minutes," he said.

"Have you one that takes rather longer?" asked the lady.



## Does his Mother realise?

Considerate mothers will act at once.

Irregularity will blunt the keenest intellect, and many a child is classed as "dull" through the system failing to act regularly. They need mother's watchful care.

If your child is listless, dull and out-of-sorts, it means that the stomach, liver and intestinal tract are clogged with poisons and fermented waste. Just give a dose of "California Syrup of Figs," and soon all the fermented waste and irritating poisons are gently moved without griping, and the child is bright and energetic again. "California Syrup of Figs" cleanses and regulates the system, and ensures pure blood, clear complexion, joyous spirits, a keen brain, healthy appetite and promotes sturdy growth.

Ask your chemist for "California Syrup of Figs," 1/3 and 2/6 a bottle (full directions on label). Emphasise "California," and no mistake will be made.

## For your throat

The 'Allenburys' Glycerine and Black Currant Pastilles are manufactured from pure glycerine and the fresh juice of choice ripe black currants by a special process which conserves the full value and flavour of the fruit. They have a demulcent and mildly astringent effect, most useful in allaying simple irritations of the throat. They dissolve slowly and uniformly, and have a delicious, slightly acidulous flavour which is most refreshing.

**Allenburys**  
Glycerine & Black Currant  
**PASTILLES**  
Your Chemist sells them  
8d & 1/3 Per Box.

## TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

GUY was going back to his boarding-school in Scotland and Daddy took Julian to see him off.

When Julian saw the long train—which was so long that it curved out of sight round the platform—he did wish he were going in it!

"We don't stop once," said Guy proudly, through the window, "not once between here and Edinburgh."

"Well, when I went to Leamington with Mummy we didn't stop," said Julian.

"Pooh!" answered Guy. "That's a potty little way. This run is four hundred miles without a stop."

"It must be an enormous engine," sighed Julian, wishing he could see to the end of the train.

"Oh, it's the best engine going," replied Guy coolly.



Julian climbed up

The rattle of buffers told them that the engine had come on.

"Oh, Daddy, could I go just to the end and see the engine?" pleaded Julian.

"Well, run along, then," said Daddy, looking at his watch; "but don't be long, and be back in time to say goodbye to Guy."

Julian ran as fast as he could to the end of the platform, and there was the great engine, bright and shining, just breathing steam and snorting a little, ready for her long journey. Julian breathed hard, too, with excitement, and edged his way to the front of the little group of men and boys looking on.

The engine-driver swung down with an oil-rag in his hand, nearly bumping into Julian, who was peering into the cab. He smiled kindly.

"Like to hop in a minute, sonny?" he asked.

Julian could hardly speak.

## JULIAN ON AN ENGINE

"May I?" he panted, and climbed up the high steps.

Julian could hardly believe he was actually standing in the engine that was not going to stop for four hundred miles! He looked at the scorching furnace and at the bright handles and levers and down the little passage by the coal, by which the drivers and stokers could reach the train—and drew a long breath.

"Now, then, sonny," said the kind driver, "out you come, or you'll find yourself in Edinburgh!"

Julian tore back to Guy and his father.

"Guy," he shouted, "the engine-driver let me go right into the engine, in the cab!"

And even Guy stared and said "Lucky dog!"